Murder within Doors:

OR,

A War among our ſelves.

PROVING,

There are more kill'd by the Vintners, *&c.* than are ſav'd by the Phyſicians. In a *Bacchanalian* Dialogue, repreſenting the Danger and Abuſe of our moſt modern celebrated Liquors: Which will never be prevented while the Vintners deal with the Syder-Men, our Punch-Makers with the Apothecaries, and our *Derby* and *Nottingham*-Ale-Brewers with the Lime-Kilns: To the great Diſhonour of the Grape, and the irreparable Diſgrace of Immortal Barley.

Written by a Club of ——

LONDON:

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Vitriol. MY dear *Hall*? Who thought to have ſeen a Perſon of your Converſation up ſo early! To drink till Midnight and riſe at Six is ſo very uncommon, that you'll excuſe my being ſurpriz'd at ſight of you.

Lime. Midnight ſay you; Certainly you have forgot the Nature of the *Hole in the Wall* and *Croſs Guns*, or you would rather wonder why I was not abroad much earlier. We never think of going Home till *Daybreak.*

Vitr. I ask your Pardon, this Punch has ſo many *Volatile Particles* in it, that it has ſet my Memory a float with it. Then, you have not been in Bed all Night?

Lime. Nor you neither, I preſume, or you have loſt your old Cuſtom. Our Way of Living formerly was much the ſame, and it's the Tower of *London* to a Turnip but you are no Changling to this very Hour.

Vitr. Fair and ſoftly ſweet Mr. *Lime.* You know I have chang'd my Liquor, and am got into other gueſs Acquaintance than when you and I kept Company.

Lime. No matter for that, you drink ſtill, and that's enough to give Grounds of Suſpicion. *Punch* does not alter the Property one Jot, you may keep the ſame Hours with it, as with *Derby-Ale.*

Vitr. But I hope you'll allow the Cuſtoms of Houſes may be different.

Lime. Come, Come, Friend *Thomas,* between you and me, it's the Cuſtom of every Publick Houſe to get Money where it is to be had, and ſetting up at Night promotes Trade. Trade you know gets Money, and Money gets—

Vitr. Money again. What ſhould it elſe? But there are ſome People, notwithſtanding you may be plentifully furniſh'd with Arguments for Night-Work, are for obliging themſelves, (after their Cuſtomers have oblig'd them ſo far, as to ſpend the greateſt Part of their Money) and have their ſet Hours for locking all faſt and going to Bed.

Lime. Who's fault's that but the Perſons who made 'em Rich? We *Derby* Dukes know better things than to let any one get Eſtates by us. Shew me a Man among all the Victuallers we deal with, that keeps his *Chaiſe,* or has not enough Buſineſs upon his Hands to *keep Himſelf,* and I'll give you my Mother for a Maid.

Vitr.

Vitr. Right. But that's becauſe moſt of you Gentlemen are ſo great Lovers of Chalk that you deal in nothing elſe. Would you Score leſs the Man of the Houſe would get more.

Lime. Would loſe His Trade you Mean! Why Man, not a Mortal among us, generally ſpeaking, but underſtands *Ticking* ſo perfectly well, and Places which we may ſtrike a New Light at, that he muſt ſhut up his Doors ſhould He be poſſeſs'd of the Pagan Principle of Turning Infidel, and deny taking the *Publick Faith* for ready Money.

Vitr. He would be much wiſer than He ſeems to be by his and your Management, would he *ſhut up his* Doors while his Drink is *in* his Cellar, than have them ſhut up for Him when it is all drawn *out* for your Antichriſtian Purpoſes. O That you had but ſuch a Bar Keeper as Ours is, you might go to *Lambs Conduit* and drink for all the Uſe you could put your Chalk to with Her.

Lime. Out upon Her for a Female Heathen, my Blood riſes at the Thoughts of Her. No *Truſt upon Retail*? O moſt Obdurate Tyger in Womans Petticoats, what would become of poor *Hall* were He to have dealings with none but ſuch as She is. No ſuch Bar Keeper as this is for *my Money.*

Vitr. Nor any other, for the Devil a Penny of *yours* has any that you ever dealt with ſeen in the Memory of Man. But what News Man from the Regions of *Fire* and *Smoke?* How Stand Affairs among the *Salamanders* at *Bloomsbury* and *Vinegar-Yard*?

Lime. To a Tittle as they did. *Oaths*, *Noiſe*, and *Nonſenſe*, are the *Principle Verbs*, and *Bawdry* and *Prophaneneſs* circulate as roundly as ever. *Jemmy* ſtills ſtands up Tooth and Nail in Defence of his belov'd *Fisk* (as he calls it) and little *George* is very often concern'd at his Aunt's Death, which is as much as to ſay, very heartily in his Cups.

Vitr. Thoſe Two Sparks are merry Mortals indeed; but how go Politicks among you? We had a ſet of Wiſeacres in my Time, that could *Encamp*, *March*, and *Attack* before the Armies had taken the Field or had any thoughts of doing it. Then for ſtorming Redoubts and taking Fortreſſes Sword in Hand the whole Univerſe could not match 'em.

Lime. What you talk of is a mere Triffle to what is in Practice among us now. We have a Churchwarden among us that calculates the Number of the Dead after any Engagement, by the Weekly Bills of Mortality, tells Noſes and gives the Detayl of the Confederate Forces, by the Liſts of the *Poor* in St. *Giles* his Pariſh. An Overſeer that is full as wiſe as his Worſhip reckon's up the French Deſerters, by the Statutes of Bankrupt at the Fag End of the Gazett.

Vitr. A merry ſort of a Blade. I like his Fancy very well, their Caſe is in ſome things Synonymous. Since as the Soldier deſerts to better his Condition when Things grow deſperate, ſo the Bankrupt troops off and makes the beſt of his way in order to make Advantagious Conditions with his Creditors, that he may be enabled to begin the World again.

Lime.

Lime. Out upon theſe Muſty Morals! The Pariſh Officer's Capacity that I am ſpeaking of could never reach 'em. It's no longer ſince than Yeſter-Night, when in came three Vinegar Captains, and after *damn you for a Bitch, bring a Quart of the beſt Derby*, ſate themſelves down with Pipes ſtuck in their Faces, and began to relate the March of *Prince Eugene*'s Army: Says one, *I knew he would paſs the Heights of* Coll de Tende, *it was always my Opinion he was directed that way.* And that Monſieur *Sailent* would run away from the *Var.*

Vitr. Nay then, if you have got Prince *Eugene*'s Privy Councellors for your Companions, I ſhall ſuſpend my mean Opinion of thoſe you converſe with.

Lime. Upon this, I, who ſate at a adjacent Table, without fear or Wit, for yon muſt know He was a Terrible Fellow, ask'd Him whereabout this *Coll de Tende* was. Which ſet him a ſwearing like a Fury Juſt wak'd out of his Sleep, and I had nothing leſs to Expect from Him than a Candleſtick at my Head.

Vitr. But I hope it did not come, did it?

Lime. No, no, the Captain had not ſwallow'd two Quarts then, and it was Time Enough for the Chairs, Tankards, and Pots to fly about our Ears when the Reckoning came to be pay'd.

Vitr. Then He grew leſs Paſſionate I preſume, and reſolv'd your Queſtion.

Lime, Reſolv'd it? Yes after his Manner. What does He, but call's for a Peice of Chalk and makes a Parcell of *Crooked* and *ſtreight Lines* upon the Table without any meaning to them. *Obſerve,* crys my Man of War, this

is *Turin and that River there, which run's down* by it is call'd the *Po.* Very well ſaid I, but what *Analogy* do *Rivers* bear to *Mountains*? Be pleas'd to be as breif as poſſible.

Vitr. Fye upon you, this brought the Captains whole Artillery upon you without Doubt.

Lime. The Word *Analogy* made Him foam at Mouth, for he was a curſed Enemy to all hard Words but the Common Cant which is us'd by the Blades of the Town. Howſoever he had the Temper to make uſe of nothing but Threats, and proceed in his Learned Diſcovery, with Who's a talking to you about Mountains, our Buſineſs is with the *Coll de Tende*?

Vitr. This is full as good Entertainment as we meet with at the Punch Houſe. But proceed.

Lime. Some among us that had Wit enough to diſtinguiſh his want of Brains laugh'd at his Folly, while others ſtar'd under an Uncertainty of his being in the Right or the Wrong of it. Till one of his Friends, ſaid he had been often upon the Spot, and ſaid it was a *Vally* that led directly into *Tholoun*, and ſwore it ſo heartily that the Majority of the Company gave it for Him, and ſo the *Heights* were the *Lowlands* without any farther Diſcourſe on that Subject.

Vitr. By this Time ſurely their Heads were warm, which in my Opinion ſhould not make it very eaſy to drop the Recital of Military Operations.

Lime. Prince *Ragotzki* and the King of *Sweden* came next into Play, and they were call'd two ſuch *Sturdy Buffs* by our Champions in Red,

as

as are not to be found in *Amadis de Gaul*, or Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*.

Vitr. I hope they had the Keys of their Cabinets as well as Prince *Eugene*'s.

Lime. Yes in troth had they. The King of *Sweden* and *Ragotski* were to have met each other, and Encamp'd upon the Bridge of *Esseck*, from thence they were after Matters had been concerted between them, to have made an Irruption into *Bavaria* by the Help of certain Flying Chariots made in *Lapland*; taken all the *Imperialists* Prisoners! Reinstated the *Elector* of that Name in his Dominions, and after levelling all the Mountains of *Tyrol*, pass'd through the *Trentin*, got Footing in the *Veronese*, ravag'd the *Mantuan*, destroy'd the *Milanese*, play'd the Devil in the *Montferat*, reduc'd *Piedmont*, subjected *Savoy*, entred the *Netherlands* by the Way of *France*, fell upon the Duke of *Marlborough*, made the Dutch cry *Lope Skellum*, and sent the English back to their own Country to make Provision for their own Security.

Vitr. Mercy upon us! If this was not a Jacobite in his Heart, then a *Housebreaker* may pass for a *Saint*, and a *Highwayman* be set down in Red Letters for a *Confessor*.

Lime. Jacobites! They had nothing like a Principle in 'em, but as they had taken the Names of *Captains* upon them, so they were forc'd to write themselves among the List of the Disbanded for fear of being found out; since it is much farther off a Discovery to be call'd one of King *James*'s Officers than King *William*'s or Queen *Anne*'s.

Vitr.

Vitr. Beyond all Queſtion. But I long to know the End of this Affair. Were the reſt of the Company that compos'd their Audience Fools enough to be impos'd upon by them?

Lime. Certainly; had not ſome wiſer than ſome, amongſt whom your Humble Servant (*meaning my ſelf*) taken up the Cudgels.

Vitr. Very well, ſo the Derby began to ſhew it ſelf in the Effects of it, and the War grew hot without any formal Declaration.

Lime. Firſt I propos'd to convince 'em and ſhew 'em their Errors from the Nature of the Countries that were to be paſs'd thro', the Diſtance of them from each other, the Obſtructions they muſt of Conſequence have met with, the Impoſſibility of ſuch an Attempt, and the Strength of the Confederacy in General, that could ſtand their Ground even tho' a much greater Force than this ſhould join themſelves with the Common Enemy.

Vitr. Convince them, quoth he! That's very good indeed, as if *Conviction* and *Derby-Ale* kept Company together. It's impoſſible to know *one*, after we have been Converſant with the *other*.

Lime. Take heed of being Prophane, and Abuſe not a Liquor of ſuch excellent Qualifications. But to go on with the Buſineſs in Hand, which ends in one of the *Obſervator's* Countryman's *Fighting Stories*. The Captains for their Part were a Mile beyond being *convinc'd*, and the Arguments produc'd in Behalf of them were of a *Baculine Nature*, ſuch as frightful *Oaken Towels*, Unchriſtian *Rapiers*, Heatheniſh *Pint Pots*, and unedifying *Trenchers* and *Plates*, which flew about like Hail, till the Landlord

clear'd

clear'd the Room of all his Gueſts by diſmiſ-ing us all without Paying the Shot, and ſo the Battle ended to the Content of Both Parties.

Vitr. And what will his Landlord do for his Rent, if his Cuſtomers continue to ſerve Him ſo? This is the Effect of a Drink that is compos'd of ſuch Ingredients, as would ſe-perate the moſt ſtrict Alliances, disjoyn the Cloſeſt Union, and make thoſe who would o-therwiſe be of one Mind, of different Opini-ons. Theſe are the Returns for aking Heads, diſcompos'd Tempers, Morning Drowths, Cold Sweats, and all the Numberleſs Train of In-quietudes that are the Conſequent Attendants of its Pernicious Draughts. I could find in my Heart to go in Queſt of our *Poetical Doctors* Gar-ret that comes to the Punch Houſe, and dæub his Fiſt with a Piece or two to put this Li-quor out of Countenance. But indifferent Rhimes are ſufficient to do Juſtice to ſo indifferent a Subject, and take the Following Lines as they run, inſtead of Better; becauſe they'll ſave Him the trouble of writing about what He does not like, and me the Charge of paying Him for it.

Malice aſſiſt the Muſe and let her rail
On this deteſted Miſnomir *of ALE,*
Since Ale *is from* Alendo *ſaid to flow*
And not to Nouriſhment a mortal Foe:
Baleful's it's Taſt, and Poiſnous are its Draughts,
Excluſive of good Manners, Senſe or Thoughts.
In it a Legion of Diſtempers lurks
To fret it to Deſtruction as it works.

To waſt our Spirits and our Vitals ſeize
As every Particle is a Diſeaſe.

Black Stygian *Waters are* Ambroſian Dews
Compar'd to the curs'd Liquors J———— *brews;*
And Fiends that drink 'em would like Saints appear,
Were they to take their Nipperkins *but here;*
Where Lucifer *in Wickedneſs muſt yeild,*
And to his fell Superiours quit the Field;
Ore power'd with Noiſe, with Oaths, with Impious Toaſts,
With Blaſphemies of which they make their Boaſts;
With Tales of Duels *fought,* Arreſts, Eſcapes,
Demoliſh'd Windows, *and pretended* Rapes.

Let Maurus *for the Future ceaſe to kill,*
With ſhining Bolus *or with gilded* Pill;
And all the Glyſter-Pipes of Galen's *Tribe*
Fling by the Potions which they now preſcribe;
If they Church-yards would handſomely ſupply,
And ſwiftly fill them up with thoſe that die,
This, this Preſcription would alone ſuffice
To make their Fame in Weekly Bills *ariſe,*
To get 'em a Repute with Pariſh Clarks,
Their Benefactors by pecular Marks.

Henceforth, if Enmity with France *muſt rage,*
And nothing can our Mutual Heats aſſuage;
If Methods have been us'd, and Meaſures try'd
Without Succeſs that Nation to divide,
And make Her Sons againſt Her Sons unite
Vindictive to aſſert their injur'd Right;
There yet remains what may this Change produce,
And Cauſe a ſudden Turn will be of uſe;
Inſtead of Ammunition, Sword, and Gun,
Of Armies ever Provinces to run,

Of

Of lying down encamp'd before Tholoun
And Knocking out our Brains againſt a Town,
Send of this Derby *but ſome Thouſand Tun,*
BRITTAIN, *thy Buſineſs then's aſſur'dly done;*
LEWIS *muſt ſink beneath the Weight of War*
And Every Frenchman *be a* Camiſar.

Lime. Mere Malice by St. *Anthony*'s Pigg's Tail. A Thouſand Pounds to a Penny but I ſerve you after the ſame manner when Opportunity offers, for it is not to be diſputed but the pretended Punch you guzzle down at 12 *d.* a Quart, is of a worſe Tendency than what you have juſt now conjur'd up your Muſe againſt.

Vitr. I deſire nothing but *a clear Stage and no Favour.* In the mean Time, to ſhew you that I will not be behind hand in Civility, what think you of a Journal of our Proceedings, by Way of Retaliation for yours.

Lime. All fair, as their *Hockly in the Hole* Worſhips at the *Bear-Garden* learnedly have it.

Vitr. Be Aſham'd and Bluſh at ſuch Vulgar Expreſſions, when I am about to give you the Tranſactions of Gentlemen. Men who bear a Figure in the World, and have been brought up to the Knowledge of the Law and other eminent Profeſſions.

Lime. As Cooks, Ale-Drapers, Shoemakers, Taylors, Bakers, Scourers and Bailiffs, with all the *Et Cetera's* of pretended *Arts* and *Myſteries.*

Vitr. You cannot but be ſenſible that the Doors of Publick Houſes ſtand open, and every Body may enter 'em that have Money

in their Pockets. But as for the Society that frequent this Houſe, generally ſpeaking, they are ſuch as I have ſet 'em down to you for, and make handſome Figures in the World.

Lime. Handſome Figures indeed, as will be known by and by, if you are but half ſo impartial in your Accounts of them as I have been.

Vitr. Never doubt it, give me but leave I'll do them and you Juſtice.

Lime. I expect it from your Hands. But not a Word of your Poets and Bookſellers among them that make ſuch Handſome Figures, be ſure you fling them by for a Parcel of Waſt Paper, and Rubbiſh of no manner of Account.

Vitr. That's the direct Way to ſpoil our Comedy, and rob it of the chief *Drammatis Perſonæ* that compoſe it. Beſides the Man of the Houſe would take it amiſs, for they are his chief Cuſtomers, and come to expoſe one another, and lay themſelves open to the whole Company three or four Times a Day, for his Benefit.

Lime. Nay, then if they give themſelves ſuch diverting Airs, in with them amongſt the reſt of the Actors.

Vitr. To ſhew you that I deſign ſtrictly to keep up to the Rules of Comedy, and obſerve Unity of Time and Place, I aſſign ſixteen Hours only for the *Time*, from eight in the Morning to twelve at Night, and *Hemlock-Court* for the Place.

Lime. Very well —— But your Prologue is ſomething of the longeſt —— Let it be call'd the ADVENTURES OF SIXTEEN HOURS, and proceed.

Vitr.

Vitr. Then enter *Pillgarlick*, who is your very Humble Servant *Tom Vitriol*, and down he ſits himſelf in the Upper Box of the Room where the Bar ſtands, call'd the LUCE, and calls for his half Pint, where you may ſuppoſe him to ſit for Sixteen Hours together.

Lime. And be very Drunk before he reels home, or He's another Man then I take Him for. But why ſo particular? The Suppoſition was granted before you ask'd it, more Brevity or you'll take up more than half the Time of *Action* in your firſt *Scene*.

Vitr. Lord Sir, can't a Man copy from *Bays* in the *Rehearſal*, but he muſt be found fault with?

Lime. The very Reaſon that renders you Culpable: To the Text, *dic aliquid de tribus Capellis.*

Vitr. I have no ſooner taken my Place, but down comes the *Virtuous* Mrs. —— with the Keys of every thing but Her *Maidenhead* in Her Hand, and my Punch is Diſh'd up to me with, *its a fine Morning. I am your humble Servant Maſter* Vitriol, *by her Man* Will.

Lime. Leſs Particularities, I entreat you, beſides its ungenerous to ſpeak any thing of a Woman, but what is decent and Praiſe worthy, and beneath a Man of any Spirit, to deſcend into Diſcoveries about Servants.

Vitr. The next that Preſents Himſelf, is an Eminent Uſurer that goes by the Name of *Bond and Judgment.*

Lime. Not ſingle handed I preſume, for Men of his Character ſcarce come alone for fear of bearing their own Expences.

Vitr.

Vitr. For certain. He had a Man with him, whom He gave a thouſand fair Words to, telling Him the Reaſon why He took *fifty Per Cent.* of Him, was, becauſe *He took Him to be a very Honeſt Man, and did not deſign to ask Him for the* Principal *till He had got twice the Value of it by turning and winding it, in his Trade, that He was of ſuch Temper as to abhor giving any one Trouble, and would rather loſe it than come upon any one before He was in Circumſtances to make* prompt Payment.

Lime. A mighty Logician truly——Becauſe his Debtor was an honeſt Fellow, therefore He would take *fifty Per Cent.* Intereſt of Him! To be ſure the Fellow that borrow'd of Him was not without a ſuitable Reply.

Vitr. Yes, but He was, for He never argued the Caſe with Him, but ſwallow'd the Poiſon as readily as could be Expected, and having call'd for proper Materials, gave Him a *JUDGMENT* againſt *Body and Goods* without any Manner of Heſitation.

Lime. Which was put in Execution as ſoon as Conveniency allow'd without Queſtion, for Men of his Kidney no ſooner have an Advantage but they make uſe of it, and deſtroy more poor Tradeſmen and others that fall into their Hands by ſuch Practices, than Wine Merchants do Vintners, or Pretended Health Preſervers, afflicted Patients.

Vitr. To go on with my Story, Aſſurance upon Aſſurance was given of an eternal Obſervance of what was promis'd (which I heard afterwards he religiouſly ſtack to, by making a Seizure of all the Credulous Fellow had, beſides the impriſonment of his Body, in three

Days

Days after.) And nothing was wanting on his Part to get all He could, by drinking five or ſix Pints at his Debtors Coſt. When it was Time for him to look out for a new Sir *Timothy*, and He took leave of the Lamb He deſign'd to fleece with a *You may depend upon me*——And home he trudg'd without a Neck-cloth in his Waſtcoat to cry *at his Shop Door, will you buy any*——

Lime. Depend upon Him! Who doubts the Truth of it?——Yes, that he would never pay a farthing of his Reckoning, and that He would certainly uſe Him as you ſay, you heard he afterwards did.

Vitr. Now the Plot, and the Company began to thicken, and amongſt other Gentlemen comes in one of a grave Aſpect and Jolly rubicund Countenance, and ſeats Himſelf with all the reſpect imaginable pay'd to every individial Perſon in the Room. As the Salute of the Hat, the Time of the Day, and abundance of other neceſſary Appendices to *Formality* and *Selfconceit*.

Lime. I dare Venture to Lay a Wager I know him. Is he not the *Lawyer* that ſweats ſo much through his Upper Garment, that a Client of his miſtook him for a Cook in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and feed another Attourney upon it.

Vitr. The laſt part of the Story I am a Stranger to, whether He ſweats or no I know not, but his greazy black Frock ſpeaks Him no great Enemy to Kitchens.

Lime. You have not told me who the *other Gentlemen* were that He *Seated Himſelf among*.

Vitr.

Vitr. There was *Noverint Universi* the *Lawyers Clark*, that came to drink Punch in a Morning in order to get cur'd of a *Consumption*. *Rowly Polly* the Bulky *Chocolate Man* that drank it to make himself *Lean*, and us'd it as a Cure for a *Lethargy*. *Laud and Praise*, the *Parish Clark*, that could talk of little or nothing else but the *three last Staves of such and such a Psalm*, and do little else but play at *Whisk* and *all Fours*. And *Nichodemas* a Certain *Remembrancer* whose *Understanding* had been lost beyond the *Memory* of Man.

Lime. A pretty Knot of Companions! What discourse had they with one another?

Vitr. Noverint Universi for his Part was full of the Differences between the two longheaded Projectors *Pratt* and *Povey*, and making it demonstrable that the *Generous Advertizer* and *General Remark upon Trade*, had their own Advantage more in View than the Wiseacre's that Subscribed to their Offices of *Assurance*.

Lime. Assurance indeed, if their Foreheads had not more than enough of it, they would not endeavour to impose upon the World in so Publick a Manner as they do.

Vitr. Honest *Rowly Polly* that had more Guts in his Brains than all the rest of them, talk'd of the Transactions at *Epsom* and *Tunbridge* so long till he dropt fast asleep over his half Pint, which a little short ars'd Bookseller whipp'd off with, and drank up. *Laud and Praise*, told Stories of a *Cock and Bull*, and was running out the Length of his Understanding into the Affairs of *Kentish Town* and *Hampstead*, when the Wide Mouth'd *Remembrancer* came in with his

parle

Parle Vous Yorkſhire, and carried the Tyde of Diſcourſe a hundred and fifty Miles off to no manner of Purpoſe.

Lime. Had *Rubicundity* the Greaſy Attorney nothing to ſay to them all this while.

Vitr. No doubt of it enough to have tir'd all the Goſſips Tongues between this and *Wapping*. What does He but firſt applie Himſelf to *Noverint Univerſi*, and proves from the Coptick, Arabick, and Syriac that *Povey* the *Tooth-Drawer* and *Povey* the *Projector* were two Different Men, and that *Charles Pratt* of the *Bell* and *Dragon*, was not Dr. *Pratt Clerk* of the Cloſet to the Queen; then he turns about and pulls *Rowle Polle* by the Sleeve till he wak'd Him, to acquaint Him that the *Pool of Bethesda*, and the *River Jordan*, had according to the Hebrew Original from whence we have the *Septuagint*, done more Wonders than the Waters at *Epſom* or *Tunbridge*, till honeſt *Sherwood* ſtar'd at Him like a ſtuck Pig.

Lime. You might have call'd Him a Hog for He's big enough.

Vitr. In the Next Place, He makes his Attack upon the ſerious and ſage Mr. *Laud and Praiſe* and endeavours to make appear from *Thomas Acquinas* and the reſt of the *Schoolmen*, that we ought not to frequent either *Hampſtead* or *Kentiſh Town* for fear of *Temptation*. At which the Pariſh Clark was ſo much Struck of a Heap, that all the Application He could make to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* could not help him out at a dead Lift.

Lime. How came the *Remembrancer* off? Certainly He was more Merciful to a Gentleman of his own *Faculty*.

Vitr. Not a Jot better than the Reſt of the Company; He was flung upon his Back, with a Long Recital of his great Skill in *Coſmography*, the many Languages He could ſpeak, and the Multitude of Countries He had paſs'd through.

Lime. What was all this to *Yorkſhire?*

Vitr. Have Patience and you ſhall know—— This hook'd in moſt Edifying Diſcoveries, How that *St. Peter*'s at *Rome* was a much finer Structure than *York-minſter* according to *Vitruvius*, and other Authors that Treat of *Architecture*, and that *Sleidan* in his *de Quator Mundi Imperijs*, made it as plain as the Noſe in his Face (which was very viſible becauſe of its Redneſs) that all *Italy* was much larger than the whole County of *York*.

Lime. Moſt Edifying Diſcoveries truly. So many Principalities as *Italy* is compos'd of, to Exceed one Engliſh County in Compaſs! What Anſwer had Mr. *Remembrancer* to all this?

Vitr. He knew nothing of the Matter like a *Nichodemus* as he was, but pay'd for his Punch, and went away juſt as wiſe as He came.

Lime. Then Old *Rubicundity*, as you call Him, kept the Field of Battle?

Vitr. All the Conviction in the World could not make Him quit it. You may take it from me that he's no Starter: But to go on with my Story. Who ſhould come in to whet their Whiſtles next but a Poet, and two Bookſellers.

Lime. A Notable Triumvirate, had the Old Fellow Breath enough left to Encounter them?

Vitr.

Vitr. Undoubtedly, and twenty more. Mutual Compliments were no ſooner over Between them, but He call'd for a Chair, and would needs ſit down with his Old Friends and Acquaintance at their Table, who knew Him too well to be deſirous of his Converſation. However He had better thoughts of Himſelf than to think all the World had not a Value for his great Abilities. And after he had endeavour'd to oblige the *Pentameter-monger* in his own Way, by informing him in what all the World knew before, that *Horace* borrow'd his Art of Poetry from *Ariſtotle*, and that *Roſcommon* had made bold with *Horace* in the ſame way, that *Virgil* was a better Poet than *Statius*, and that *Dryden's* Verſification was much better than *Old Mixon's* or *Tom D' Urfeys*. To divert ſuch Triffling Obſervations, one of the Company ſtarted a Diſcourſe about the Ravage made in *Germany*.

Lime. Nothing could have been more *a propos* to his Purpoſe, 'twas odds but He took up the Cudgels in the twinckling of a Bed-ſtaff.

Vitr. Take 'em up ſay you? Aye and laid about Him to ſome purpoſe. Here he had them, with a Deſcription of the Lines of *Stoll-hoffen*, and there with the *Rhine* and *Danube*, and the Circles of *Suabia* and *Franconia*. Now He came upon his Auditors with the Fortifications of *Landau*, and *Philipsburgh*, and from thence gave them a Box in the Ear as well as himſelf with the Numerous Forces that were drawing together from all Parts to ſave *Germany*, when every thing that was valuable had been taken out of it, and nothing was left worth

Villars his while to ſtay in it. *When I was making the grand Tour there*, ſaid He, *ſuch and ſuch Redoubts were caſt up over againſt* Fort Lovis *by* my Advice, *and ſuch and ſuch Bulwarks to defend the Paſſage of the* Rhine.

Lime. He never was in *Germany* in his Life, the greateſt *Tour* He ever made was when he went the home Circuit.

Vitr. I beleive as much for the Sequel convinces me that He fall's infinitely Short of being ſo great a Traveller as He would be taken for. Upon this he was ask'd whereabout *Ulm* ſtood, and return'd for Anſwer *on the Left of Phillipsburgh* on the *Rhine*, when any one that is the leaſt Converſant in Geography could have told Him that it was an Imperial City on the *Danube*.

Lime. You told Him ſo, did not you?

Vitr. Not I, my Buſineſs was to obſerve what others ſaid and did, not to ſpeak my ſelf. But *Stump* the little Pert Bookſeller had a Whim in his Head, which plainly ſhew'd this *Prate apace* his Ignorance. The *Pariſh Clark* had a Cane with an *Amber* Head to it, which He was narrowly ſurveying to find out what occaſion'd a Spot in it. One ſaid it was ſuch a thing and Artificially put in, another ſaid it was that, and Naturally all of a Piece with the *Amber*. When after various Conjectures, it was handed to this Piece of *Sagacity*, who undertook to diſcover what it was before he ſaw it.

Lime. He led the Company into *Aſtronomy* without Queſtion, and pull'd in the *Moon*, Head and Shoulders, to Compare it to the Spots that are in Her.

Vitr.

Vitr. You are quite wide of the Matter. He was more lowly minded, for he liken'd it to the Earth, and immediatly gave his Opinion that it was *Fort Briſack.*

Lime. How the Devil came he to light upon that Whim.

Vitr. He himſelf is beſt able to tell you. Tho' for his *Reaſons*, I can ſay this in his Behalf, they were dealt about very plentifully. *This was ſuch a Gate which he made his Entry at when he came from* Tranſilvania *juſt after he had debauch'd one of Prince* Ragotski's Daughters *and that was another, which he crept out at, when he was ſent with a Secret Commiſſion to perſwade the* Grand Seignior *to break with* France.

Lime. Tranſilvania, Prince Ragotski, and the *Grand Seignior*! What Reference have theſe to *Briſack?*

Vitr. You talk as if you knew nothing of the Matter, have Patience, and I'll warrant you he brings himſelf notably well off at the cloſe of his Diſcourſe. *Obſerve that River there ſays he, that runs Round it, it is call'd the* Boriſthenes, *and take Notice of that Bridge of Boats* there that is flung over it.

Lime. The *Boriſthenes*? He might as well have ſtyl'd it the *Red Sea.* No doubt, but he meant the *Rhine.*

Vitr. No doubt, but he meant nothing of the matter, for one of the Company was ſo kind as to give him information that *Briſack* lay upon the *Rhine*, but He was Doctor *irrefragabilis* and would no more part with his dear *Boriſthenes* than He would with his Old *Greaſie Frock.* To bring the Buſineſs to a Period and get ſhut of this troubleſome Fellow, who would never be

beaten

out of the moſt known Falſehood, the whole Company was let looſe at Him, till he had tir'd his Tongue and his Throat ſo that he could talk nor drink any longer, when off he rubb'd as illuminated as a Glow-worm, in queſt of new Fortifications to recruit his Memory with, and by theſe Means *Town*, *River*, *Bridge of Boats*, and *Gates*, vaniſh'd into nothing more than a little *Speck* that bore more Proportion to a Louſe than a City.

Lime. *Momento Turbinis exit*, He was gone in an Inſtant then, now for ſome Fool or other to ſucceed Him. What become of the *Poet* and his two *Fisky Bookſellers* all this while, had they nothing to ſay for themſelves ?

Vitr. Abundance ! They were making their Attacks upon one Mr. *Sines and Tangents* the Mathematician that moves by *Clock-work*, and is a near Neighbour to the Two Gyants at St. *Dunſtan's* Church.

Lime. About what prithee ? They might chance to catch a Tartar in attempting that Man, for he has the Reputation of a very Extraordinary Perſon.

Vitr. Neither did He fall Short of the Character, for his Diſcourſe, and Behaviour ſpoke Him ſuch.

Lime. What Occaſion'd the Diſpute.

Vitr. That which end's all Controverſies, *DEATH.*

Lime. How came ſuch Fellows to think of Death, that live ſo faſt, as if they were never to make a *Die* of it.

Vitr. I know not, unleſs the Poet's having got a *Stone Doublet* upon his Back, made Him run into the Nature of *Tomb-Stones* with a *Statuary* that

that kept Company with this *Mathematician.*

Lime. What my Doctor and a Stone-doublet! Will he always be in the Hands of the Ungodly? But to leave that for another Opportunity, go on with your Account.

Vitr. There was this and that Inſcription ſpoke of, and *Weſtminſter Abby*, and St. *Faith's* under St. *Paul's* were Ranſack'd for Exquiſite Workmanſhip, till the *Statuary* offer'd to produce an Inſcription that had two thouſand Letters of Half an Inch's Bigneſs, and Length proportionable, and had *Sines and Tangents* for his Avoucher. Upon this Little *Stump*, Cock'd up his *Snub* Noſe at Him, and told Him in plain Engliſh, it was a *damn'd Lie.*

Lime. A very pretty ſort of a Gentleman truly! What a Phiſiognomy muſt he have worn, had he ventur'd to ſay this amongſt the *Dukes* of Derby! I preſume he had a Glaſs of Punch in his Face for his Pains.

Vitr. Not one Drop. All things are well taken amongſt thoſe ſort of *Knights of the ſlic'd Lemon*, and it's as common to give the Lye, as it is to call for ſome Bread and Cheeſe, which they do three Times at leaſt in the Drinking a ſingle Pint.

Lime. Truly, I was always of Opinion, that *Manners*, and the *People* near *Lincoln's-Inn Back-Gate*, had taken leave of each other for a conſiderable Time.

Vitr. That's your Miſtake, for they were never *Acquainted.* At the Sound of the LYE Sir, a little Heartburning aroſe, which was qualify'd of it ſelf, and a Wager was offer'd to be laid by *Intelligence*, one of the ſame

ſame Profeſſion as well as *Stuart*, that no ſuch *Monument* could be produc'd which had an Inſcription upon it that bore 2000 Letters.

Lime. A bold Wagerer —— But *I'll hold ſo much, and ſo much*, is the only Argument to prove any Thing by, amongſt the Brethren of the CALVE'S SKIN.

Vitr. Upon this the Man that knew how to reduce a *Noble into Nine Pence* by Decimal Fractions, muſter'd up all the Terms of Art he could poſſibly think of, and call'd *Wingate*, *Barrow*, *Oughtred*, *Euclide*, and Sir *Iſaac Newton* for Witneſs that an *Area* of ſo many Feet *Square* could contain ſo many *Letters* of ſuch a Proportion.

Lime. And what was all this to the Purpoſe! The Diſpute was not about what *might* be done, but what had been done. Beſides what had *Wingate* to do in the Company of the other Four, ſince all his Knowledge led no farther than the Threſhold of the *Mathematicks*, and ended with *Arithmetick?*

Vitr. Why, his Buſineſs was to number the Lines, and atteſt they were actually 2000, which made him a material Witneſs in my Opinion. The Bookſellers in Anſwer to this Topp'd upon them with *Dugdale*'s *Monaſticon*, and having made appear they knew the Price of Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s *Principia* to a Farthing, fell upon them with all their Printers heavy Artillery, as *Double Pica* Letters, *Great Primmer*, *Engliſh Roman* and *Italick*, *Small Pica*, *Long Primmer*, *Brevier*, and *Nonparil*.

Lime. Heyday! Where are we going now? Into the Land of Hard Names, and the Territories of UNINTELLIGIBILITY.

Vitr.

Vitr. It ſhould ſeem ſo by your laſt Word, for all the Engliſh Vocabulary cannot furniſh you with ſuch another.

Lime. What was the Effect of theſe Battering Pieces.

Vitr. The Effect of them? What ſhould it be, but that the two great Artiſts ſtar'd at one another like a Couple of ſtuck Pigs, and had no farther to urge in their Behalf, than this Fallacy, which was learnedly produc'd by the Dwarf under St. *Dunſtan*'s Gyants. A Tombſtone is a Monument ſays he, I hold with you anſwer'd the Poet. Now I'll produce a Monument that has more than 2000 Letters of ſuch a Size upon it, *Ergo* a Tombſtone, *&c.* cries the Mathematician, meaning the Monument upon *Fiſh-ſtreet-Hill*, that was erected in Memory of the Fire of *London.*

Lime. He muſt have other *Diſtinctions* by Way of Reply, than thoſe of *Materialiter* and *Formaliter*, which he borrow'd at the College, or the poor Poet muſt of Conſequence be run a Ground.

Vitr. Never heed it, though his Opponent produc'd a *Quadrant of three Guineas Price* to prove his Aſſertion by, it was all one as if he had never ſpoke of the value of it to the Company, for He was told that it was own'd that every *Tomb-Stone* was a *Monument*, but every *Monument* was not a *Tomb-Stone*, in particular that what he brought in to vindicate himſelf by, was no other than a ſtanding Memorial of the Fall and Riſe of an Inanimate City, not a Teſtimonial to ſignify the Deceaſe of *Animate Beings.*

Lime. So much for the Man of *Curvilineal Underſtanding*. I ſhall not ask what became of him, *Mortuus eſt*, he's as dead as a Door Nail, and Brandy won't fetch Him.

Vitr. You have a good gueſs with you, for after he had ſtood being hunted another Courſe or two, and been advis'd by a Friend or two of his to take *another Journey to Cambridge* to be taught how to tell *two Thouſand*, He went out at the ſame Door his Predeceſſor made uſe of, and made his retreat with much more Prudence, than he bore the Brunt of the Engagement with.

Lime. You were ſpeaking of the Poet having got a *Stonedoublet* upon his Back juſt now, how could that be when at the ſame Time He was with you at the Punch Houſe?

Vitr. How could that be? Very eaſily upon my Veracity. He was out upon his *Parole*.

Lime. A Poet upon his Parole! That's impoſſible, can there be any ſuch Thing as Honour amongſt the whole Generation of thoſe that are Stallions to the Nine Harlots call'd the *Muſes*?

Vitr. As for that, the Queſtion ſticks with me, and I find it difficult to reſolve it, but a Poet's Word may be ſooner taken than a better Man's, for to fly away from the Town, would but ſtarve Himſelf, and to play at Hide and ſeek in it, would be the Way to be aſſuredly taken.

Lime. His Poetry will ſtarve Him at the beſt, and the ſooner ſuch as He try'd the Experiment, the ſooner He wolud be out of this troubleſome World.

Vitr.

Vitr. Your humble Servant for that, He knows the Enjoyments of Life too well to be weary of his, and is more in Love with *Claret* and *Punch* than to wiſh for his abode in a State of uncertainty, where there are no ſuch Things as good Liquors to be had.

Lime. He has Time enough upon his Hands now to Rhime as much as He pleaſes, for his Companions will ſcarce come to a Priſon Houſe to diſturb him.

Vitr. As for his Method of ſpending his Time that's left to Himſelf, but as he intimated to the Company he was very far from being without Viſitants. This I can aſſure you, that I heard of nothing He has written ſince his Confinement but two or three ſmall Papers of Verſes relating to Himſelf and the Bailiffs, which he gave me the Copies of, and are now in my Pockets.

Lime. Oblige me with reading them, ten to one but the Muſes have left him as well as his Friends, and he's down right upon his *de Triſtibus.*

Vitr. He told us when the Shoulder Dabber laid hold of Him at firſt, he was very Melancholy and uneaſie and could not brook the Thoughts of being lock'd up, but when Bolts and Locks grew familiar with Him and he ſaw others come under the ſame Predicament with Himſelf, then He put on a Good Face upon the matter, and was as merry as a Cricket.

Lime. Like a Bird in a Cage, who is ſo far from laying his Impriſonment to Heart, that he ſings more melodiouſly than if he had his Liberty.

Vitr. Now you talk of a Bird in a Cage, one of the Papers in my Pocket contain a a ſhort Copy of Verſes about *John F———'s Birds and Himſelf.*

Lime. Out with them, for I long to hear what our Coop'd up Tranſgreſſor had to ſay upon them.

Vitr. (reads)

Poor Innocents! how ſuits my *Caſe with* theirs?
Since either Species has its Iron Bars,
But yet how different is their *Caſe from* mine,
They Sing *amidſt their* Bonds *but I* repine.
Great Jove *Mankind their* Liberty *allow,*
Or condeſcend to hear thy Vot'ries Vow:
Grant that theſe Birds *to* Men *may be prefer'd,*
Or elſe vouchſafe to make this MAN *a* BIRD.

Lime. He was much upon the Diſmal when he wrote this Epigram for it's a moſt Lamentable Ditty, and he did Violence to his Temper while he wrote 'em, or I have known Him theſe ten Years to no Purpoſe. Though I muſt acknowledge the Thoughts are natural enough, and bear ſomething that's tolerable in 'em.

Vitr. If you were as nice a Judge of unwholeſome Liquors, as you pretend to be of Poetry, the Derby Ale Spicket would ſtand ſtill for Honeſt *Harry Lime.*

Lime. Sighing, Whining, and Sobbing, is what Men of my Sanguine Complection are never converſant with, therefore you may e'en put up the other Paper again without reading it, if it be of the ſame Stamp with that you have read.

Vitr.

Vitr. What, not hear a Satyr upon the Bailiffs, the very Title will make you prick up your Ears to hear it. It runs thus, SNAP *upon* SNAP, *or a Character of* John F————n the *Shoulder-Dabber's Sinful Parlour, with a* Prayer *for the whole Army of* Murderers *call'd* Bailiffs.

Lime. An Admirable ſort of Title, does the Poetry but anſwer it, you'll Oblige me.

Vitr. But it's neceſſary to premiſe ſomething by way of Preface in Order to render ſome Paſſages leſs Obſcure, for every one may not have been in this Parlor though I have.

Lime. Good. But you need not put your ſelf to that trouble on my Account. For we that fight under the Standard of the *Nipperkin* and the *Black Pot*, cannot long be Strangers to *John F————n* and his Crew.

Vitr. Be Attentive then, you have heard the Title already now for the Verſes. (*reads*)

A Keeper and three Judges grace the Room,
Inſtead of ſhining Tapeſtry from the Loom.
Beneath them hangs a ſcurvy ſort of Slate,
That ſpeak's John's *Melancholy Priſoners Fate,*
Who lie coop'd in above, two pair of Stairs,
Their Scores too great and powerful for your Cares.
Near 'em hung Writs *are ſerv'd, and* Coats *with* (Capes,
To ſhew the Room belongs to Murd'rous SNAPS,
That in a * MAP *adjacent ſhould have fought,*
Had thoſe been ſent that were not worth a Groat.
Above the MAP, *a* Pheſant *hangs, that's tied*
By the left Leg *to ſhew the fall of* Pride;
That

* That of the Battle of *Blenheim.*

That Wealth *and* Beauty *muſt Submit to* Chance,
Turn'd Topſy turvey, by Extravagance.
Next Hats, *and change of* Wigs *are fix'd on Hooks*
To cheat poor Skulking Debtors *with their Looks*;
To trick 'em with Appearances, *and* Shams,
And enter Houſes with Weſtphalia *Hams.* *
Stringer *for that, whoſe Goods and Chattels taken,*
Say had they ſpar'd their HAM, *he had* ſav'd his Bacon.
What next comes in our View's an Almanack
With Wounded Man through Belly, Sides and Back,
The uſe they put it to amidſt their ſins,
Is to know when Term Ends, and when Begins,
Not Chriſtnings *to put forward or Delay,*
Becauſe of Childermaſs's bloody || *Day.*
Forward and nearer to the Window's Light.
Five Cages with four Priſoners claim our Sight,
Four only, ſince the fifth took Wing and fled,
As Turnkey † Jack *came in to make his Bed,*
And fearleſs of a Warrant of Eſcape,
Turn Tail upon the Vintner *turn'd a* SNAP.
Theſe harmleſs Birds to ſtrengthen our Beleif,
That Who are Poor may ſing before a Theif,
Warble and chant ſweet Muſick tho' confin'd
Priſoners in Body, but enlarg'd in Mind:
Both Larks *and* Linnets *in their Goals are merry,*
To ſuit the Place they ſhould have been CANARY.
But now, my Muſe, thy niceſt Strokes impart,
To ſhew thine, *as the Painter ſhew'd* his *Art*;

In

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* They took Mr. *Stringer*'s Goods in Execution by ſending one of the Fellows in with a Preſent of a *Weſtphalia Ham.*

|| The Poet had a Mighty Diſpute with his Landlady, becauſe ſhe would not chriſten her young Child on that Day.

† The Fellow that locks the Priſoners in.

In ſpeaking Colours his juſt Praiſe expreſs,
And let the Pen the Pencills skill confeſs:
Not Rome *nor all the Rarities of* Greece
Excell the Beauties of the CHIMNEY PEICE. *
Survey the Drapery well, the Colours try,
How they affect the Soul and tempt the Eye!
Not Varrio *was more juſt in his* Deſign,
Nor Kneller *could exacter Features Join.*
Dog'd from the Verge, *fam'd* Captain Bluff *eſpie!*
How artfully he turns his Neck awry
And ſmokes the BUMS, *that on him caſt an Eye!*
The Dome for fam'd Northumberland's *is drawn*
As like it as the Darkneſs *to the Dawn.*
Here F————n *points out the expected Prize,*
To Place *who think's in Ambuſcade he lies,*
And with uplifted Cutlace in his Hand
Now ſeems to run, and now to make a ſtand.
Near Bluff *a Figure's by the Painter put,*
As like a Dog——*as* Apple's *like a Nut.*
A Fox *he ſhould be call'd, which might apply*
To them that would arreſt *and Him that's* Shy.
To ſum up all and render things Conciſe,
The Painter *and the* Picture's *of a Price,*
And as Dame Nature *in* Convulſions *lies,*
When ſhe with Monſters *does the World Surprize,*
So Nature's *Mimick,* Art, *felt* Pangs *and* Throws,
When ſhe this Monſtrous *Birth did firſt diſcloſe,*
Though this muſt for the Chimney Piece *be ſaid,*
'Tis well enough for thoſe for whom 'twas made;
And both a like deſerve one common Doom
The Picture *and the* Bums *that haunt the Room;*
Nor ſhould the Painter *for his Crimes go free,*
One Bonfire is enough to burn all three.

The

* A Piece of worſe Painting than ever was upon Sign in Country Village.

The Prayer.

LET SNAPS *be damn'd, and ever be accurs'd,*
Of all Mankind the vileſt and the worſt;
From Hell *they came, and muſt to* Hell *return,*
Old Belzebub's *contempt, and* Satan's *Scorn;*
Abandon'd to Deſtruction *like the Jews,*
The Dregs *of* Goals, *and the* Refuſe *of* Stews:
Brimſtone *and* Fire's *too gentle for their Lots,*
All Ill's can be invented ſuit the Sots:
Puniſh'd with Boils, *and* Lice, *with* Mange *and* Pox,
With more than ever fill'd Pandora's *Box:*
On Earth *may they drag on a wretched Life,*
Hated in Hell, *with* Devils *be at Strife,*
Till at the laſt, the Damn'd *ſhall not endure 'em,*
But Lock 'em up with * Bolt 'em and Secure 'em.

Lime. As hearty a Curſe as I have heard. This Poet of yours can be a merry Mortal when he pleaſes I find. But Poetry apart, that has no manner of Relation to the Tranſactions at the *Punch Houſe.* How came the Poet off with his two Companions?

Vitr. Juſt as they us'd to do. After they had Expos'd one another for the publick Diverſion; quarrell'd among themſelves about the Reckoning and the Waſtpaper-mongers had told all the Secrets they were Maſters of; *Bays* rubb'd off with his *Writ* in his Pocket to *John F*————'s in hopes of taking in ſome new *Cull* or other for two *Half Flasks* by way of *Garniſh*, *Intelligence* the News writer having gather'd up the Remains of the Tobacco into his Box, made the beſt of his Way to his Shop,

* A Nick-Name the Turn-Key goes by.

Shop, in order to write *five Letters* inſtead of *five and twenty*, and ſend them into the Country for not ſo much as *Thanks* for his Pains; and honeſt *Stump* the beſt natur'd Fellow that ever Dealt in *Calve-ſkins*, to the *Blew Poſts*, to pin up the reſt of the Basket with good Orthodox Red Port.

Lime. Adieu to three very troubleſome Fellows——I have no Room to doubt but you have others more entertaining to fill up their Places.

Vitr. The *Earth* ſhall ſooner be depriv'd of its *Morning Dew*, and the Sun of its *Diurnal Motion*, the Planets ſhall ceaſe to take their wonted *Courſe*, and *Nature* it ſelf be inverted before *Wicked Will's* Houſe ſhall want cauſe of *Merriment*, or ſtand in need of a Subject for his Cuſtomers *Entertainment*.

Lime. What's in the Wind now that you're on a ſuddain grown ſo mighty Rhetorical? Some ſtarch'd Pretender to Oratory is about to make his Publick Entry, or we ſhould have you make uſe of a more familiar Stile.

Vitr. No more an *Orator* than our Friend *Vander* the *Dutchman*, for he carries all his Learning under his Arm in his Bag, inſtead of furniſhing his Head, and has the Honour to be call'd her Majeſties chief *Running Stationer*.

Lime. Such another Poſt I dare ſay as the Queen's *Dew-beater*. Had a Man of his Eminent Quality no Attendants with him?

Vitr. Moſt Certainly. There was his Man *Jack Ogle*, who is juſt ſuch another ſort of a *Printer*, as the Fool in the Farce is *a ſort of a Captain*; now this Printer was not without his

Hanger on too, ſince he had a little *Poltroon* that ſtuck to his Skirts like a *Bur*, that goes by the Name of *Cloſe Orders* or the *Little Lawyer*.

Lime. Little in *Practice*; Without queſtion, whatever the Bulk of his Body might be, as for the magnitude of his Purſe that may have a true Eſtimate made of it, from his turning *Blood-ſucker* to ſuch a ſcruby, lean, hungry morſel of Litigiouſneſs that he had fix'd himſelf upon. Doubtleſs theſe came in about Buſineſs what might it be?

Vitr. Matters of Moment; Money, Money Boy; they were all Communicative enough of their Affairs. The Man of the *Bag* for his Part was as Sharp as a Cow's Thumb, and dealt about hard Words as if he underſtood them in order to clear Himſelf *fore* and *aft* of all that durſt attack Him by way of Dunning, and prevent the poor Louſie Printer, who ſtar'd and knew not a Syllable of the Matter, from putting in a Word for Money to pay his Journey-men with.

Lime. Had *Nine Eyes* nothing to ſay all this while?

Vitr. He made uſe of all the *Shrugs* and *Grimaces* he could, and Scratch'd his Head to ſhew he had ſomething to ſay, though he had nothing at all in his Noddle. But *Tom Browns Purveyor* (for you muſt know he carried many a *Pidgeon* and *Duck* in his *Bag* to Him when he had any thing for Him to do) made as if His meaning was unintelligible, and went on with his Diſcourſe without interruption. He inſiſted with all the Force imaginable that *Dudley's Memoirs* were never Printed before a late *Edi-*

tion

tion, and damn'd all thoſe for Coxcombs that ſaid to the Contrary, that Cardinal *Wolſey's* were extracted from *Original* and *Approv'd Manuſcripts*; and offer'd to lay as many *Tranſitory* Quarts as any one would take Him up for, that *Tom Brown*'s and Sir *Charles Sedley*'s *Works* had nothing in them but what was actually of their own writing.

Lime. O Frontem perfrictam! What a Peice of Aſſurance was here! Had none in the Company Courage enough to undertake Him.

Vitr. They were all as ſtill as *Dormice*, for the Man talk'd on as if he had hopes of being believ'd, when even I that had determin'd neither to meddle or make in any Diſputes that ſhould intervene, had Patience no longer, and told him that every Perſon who had been the leaſt converſant with Letters knew that Father *Parſons* a Jeſuit, was the Author of what he gave the Title of *Robert Dudley's Memoirs* to, that thoſe which went under the Name of *Wolſey* were nothing elſe but undigeſted Collections from *Baker*, and other Engliſh Hiſtorians; that *Tom Brown*'s Works had a Multitude of things that were ſpurious in them, in particular two *Declamations for* and *againſt Poverty*; and that Sir *Charles Sedley's* had more of other Gentlemens Compoſitions in them than his own, as my *Lord Belhaven's*, Sir *John Knight's*, Sir *John Packington's*, the *Lord Haverſham*'s Speeches *&c.*

Lime. Did you know the Man rightly, for I find now who he is, you would have let him go on with his Rhodomantades. What return made he to theſe Objections.

Vitr. He ſtarted up in a Fury, clapp'd his Bag under his Arm, and after nodding his Head, ſwore what he ſaid was as certain, as that *Buckingham*'s and *Rocheſter*'s Works were altogether of their own Compoſing. Then what does he but in a Paſſion after a hearty Curſe or two call for the Reck'ning, and after having div'd into his Pocket for the ſmalleſt Piece of Silver He could find in it, march'd off Bag and Baggage to the *Oxford Arms* on *Ludgate Hill* to recruit his evaporated Spirits.

Lime. And what became of *Jack Ogle* all this while?

Vitr. I forgot to tell you, that he before this ſuddain Emotion, had ſtruck him for half a Crown, which is juſt the Sum he is wont to part with, if he cannot poſſibly avoid it, for I have known him make a Poet of no indifferent Figure come to Him by his own Deſire from *Charing Croſs* to *Cripple-Gate*, and be ſent back with no more than what this poor, ſottiſh, headſtrong, thoughtleſs Nincompoop was left with.

Lime. Now for the pretended Lawyer and his Club What did theſe two inſignificants do together?

Vitr. What ſhould they do but drink,? For that which drowns other Peoples Knowledge was the Birth of theirs. However they made ſome Attempts towards Diſcourſe, and the little diminutive *Declaration Monger* was as long a laying down the Law to *Tinpin* the PRESSMAN, as if he intended to beat that into his Head, that never can be beaten into His. When in came the Poetical Doctor again, and took his Place by theſe two original Sinners.

Lime.

Lime. Very well, the Devil was in the Dice if no Merriment turn'd up at this unexpected Interview, for I have heard theſe two numerical Offenders have play'd him ſome very ſcurvy Tricks.

Vitr. O ſaid the Doctor, *are you there Mr.* Ogle, *and you Mr.* Damnation *Old* Lucifer's *Scriv'ner?* At which the firſt ſneer'd and look'd as if he could not help it, and the laſt ſcrew'd up his *Monkey's Face* into as ill favour'd a Poſture as his *Back.*

Lime. A coarſe ſort of Compliment at firſt meeting. I preſume they deſerv'd it?

Vitr. That you may take my Word for, ſince I heard the whole Buſineſs diſcuſs'd; *It happen'd this poor Gentleman* (meaning the Poet) *had for ſome Writings of his, which were printed by this Fellow provok'd the Government.*

Lime. Take heed what you ſay, leaſt *Scandalum Magnatum* ſhould enſue, for he pretends to be the next Heir to my Lord of *Cardigan.*

Vitr. Does he ſo? That's more than I ever heard before; yet asking his Honour's Pardon, I ſhall go on with my Account of his Behaviour. *Whereupon, notwithſtanding all his Pretenſions to Wit, he was no more a Politician than to apply himſelf to this Wiſeacre,* who undertook to provide Him a Place *of Refuge which was accordingly done Two Miles out of Town.*

Lime. Very well. The Man did what he undertook, and deſerves your good Word for ſo doing.

Vitr. This muſt be ſaid for Him, that He did more than He undertook, for he never *undertook* to *betray* Him. *Here he play'd at Hide and Seek for a Month or five Weeks, when the Q. Meſ-*

ſenger

ſenger being appriz'd of our Printer's great Foreſight and Courage, got out a Warrant againſt him, and came and ſerv'd it one Morning as He was in Bed.

Lime. Poor Mr. *Ogle* how I ſweat for him!

Vitr. You may ſpare your ſelf the Trouble, for he did that enough for himſelf, and told the unwelcome Apoſtle, that *He was very ill and in a* violent Sweat, *which would endanger his Life ſhould he riſe*, and at the ſame time made ſolemn Aſſeverations that *he would ſtay for his Return from* Hogſdon, whether he was going to take in the Author into the ſame Secret. But he was no ſooner got down Stairs, and forward in his Journey, than out ſprung *Jack* out of Bed like a *Greyhound*, and never look'd behind Him till He reach'd *Spittle-Fields*, where He lurk'd *incognito*, till both he, and his Author got ſafe down to a Brother's of his about thirty Miles from *London*.

Lime. And don't you think him in the right of it?

Vitr. I thought you had other Notions; here was a Man taken, his Parole given, and afterwards forfeited, which was unpardonable. But however to regain his Reputation once more with the Perſon he had broke his Word with, he made a forfeit of it again, by giving Directions where the Poet was to be found.

Lime. Now the Cauſe goes againſt us again. I have not one Word more to ſay in his Vindication. If I am not miſtaken the poor *Poet* was taken.

Vitr. Taken? Yes that he was, tryed and convicted, and who ſhould be deſirous and beg to be employ'd as an *Underſpurleather* to thoſe that were

to

to apprehend him, but the little raſcally Hackney Writer that was at this very time in Company with Him? Which Petition was granted with an Allowance of Ten Shillings for his Pains, in being one of the Guard *de Corps* to a Poet three Days.

Lime. Three Days for Ten Shillings! A Journey-Man Taylor would have had more, or ſtay'd upon his Maſter's Shop-Board. The Devil of a Practitioner I dare ſwear for him.

Vitr. Nay what is more to be wonder'd at, is, he was more than fifteen Shillings out of Pocket, for the *Poet* had that Addreſs with him, (as he himſelf gives out) to ſtrike Him for a Crown, and the *Meſſenger* for a Guinea, which, if Report ſpeaks true, is not pay'd him to this Day.

Lime. Ha, ha, ha, —— Poor Meſſenger extraordinary! He'll take no more Journeys upon ſuch Occaſions without being aſſur'd of better Wages for his Pains.

Vitr. But the Baſeneſs of theſe Scoundrels did not end here, they not only procured his Confinement, but offer'd voluntarily without being requeſted ſo to do by thoſe in Authority, to be Evidences againſt Him.

Lime. Nobile par Fratrum! A Couple of exquiſite Rogues. I ſuppoſe they were accepted.

Vitr. No, the Government laid them by for two inſignificant Fellows, and had nothing to do with them in Relation to the Proſecution. However *Reply* and *Rejoynder* was reſolved to go through ſtitch with the poor Author, and not content to ſee him made a *Publick Sacrifice* to a PARTY at both Ends of the Town, labour under a Fine which was much more than he was worth, and *ultra Tenementum* with a Ven-

Vengance, ſo prevail'd upon his Clients Ignorance as to make Him yeild to the taking out a *Writ* againſt him for *twenty Pounds.*

Lime. Twenty Pounds! That's impoſſible, for I am a ſtranger to his Circumſtances, or He could never give Credit for half the Sum from Weeks End to Weeks End.

Vitr. Nothing but downright Truth —— Without offering ſo much as a Bill, without making the leaſt demand or coming to any manner of Account; when if his Pretenſions were Juſt he muſt needs have double what was due to him in his Hands, having never given the other an account of what was ſold. Beſides, that He might blunder out a ſort of a pretended Debt and keep Him from giving Common Bail, he gave out two of the Articles againſt Him were for Horſes borrowed by the Meſſinger to bring Him up from the Country, atd Money ſpent upon the Road when Coming up.

Lime. Was there ever ſuch a *Numskul* ſince the Death of *Codſhead* the firſt of Immortal Memory; this is a direct Charge upon the Government for Injuſtice, as if the Gentlemen at the Helm of Affairs did not make ſufficient Proviſion for their Priſoners, and after an Allowance of ſix ſhillings and eight pence a Day beſides Travelling Charges, ſhould leave them to pay the Debts that had been contracted in their ſervice——I hope the Poet took his Advantage of this *Thick Scull* and came upon Him with his *Middx' ſſ. Guilielmus Benſon Miles, et Ambroſius Crowley Miles, Vic' Com' prad' Johi. Farrington, Johi. Doo, & Rico Roe* —— ——

Ballivis

Ballivis Meis hundredi de Oſſulſton—— ——in com' præd' Salutem, Virtute br'is Dom' Reg' mihi direct' Vobis et cuilibet Veſtrum conjunctim et diviſim mando quod Capiatis ſeu aliquis veſtrum capiat Johannem Ogle ſi, &c. *Et. Eum——*

Vitr. For Heaven's ſake hold, elſe you'll run to the Length of a Writ by and by. I durſt venture a Bottle or two, Scarcity of Money has made thee ſome *Bailiffs Follower*, that thou mighteſt have wherewithall to lay down a little Money to ſwill Derby with, by thy readineſs in repeating theſe *affrightful* Warrants.

Lime. Affrightful! nay then if you at *twelve Pence a Quart* give them that Epithet we may ſtand excus'd for walking the CLANCKS that can afford no more than *five Pence*. But proceed, for you ſeem to make a long Story of it, and what concern's particular People that are of ſo inſignificant a Figure as thoſe you are ſpeaking of, carries no manner of Edification with it.

Vitr. To bring my ſelf into Compaſs. Though *Jack* was a very *Shy Cock*, and lodg'd at *Iſlington* one Night, in the *Seven Streets* another, near *Smithfield* another, by many perſwaſions, and a Letter of Entreaties, my *Lord of Cardigan's* near *Relation* was prevail'd upon at laſt to venture his Honourable Perſon, but not without the Precincts of the *Rolls Liberty*, and graciouſly pleas'd to admit his poor *Deffendant* into his *Honours*, the Noble COMPLAINANTS, Preſence. Where after he would by no means ſubmit to Arbitration or Terms of Agreement, in came honeſt *Jack F——n* with the *Red Lion of Brentford* his Aſſiſtant, and chill'd all his

Honourable Blood ſo that He ſtood like a Statue without Motion.

Lime. Quis talia fando——Temperet a Lachrymis? What the Blood of the Family of *Cardigan* made to Stagnate?

Vitr. As certainly as yours is in a Fermentation for laſt Night's and this Morning's Debauch. At the laſt he got the Aſcendant of his Surprize, and came to Himſelf well enough to walk up to the *Bailiffs* Houſe attended by two *Myrmidons* of the Law, where his *Defendant* that was now turn'd *Plaintiff* paid his Reſpects to Him, by calling for two half Flasks of Wine to welcome Him to his New Lodgings, and Entertain ſuch as came to be diverted with the new *Priſoner's* Extraordinary Converſation.

Lime. Good! When once He was Shop'd, the *Bailiffs* and *Plaintiff* knew how to manage Him.

Vitr. He was as ſullen as a *Bird* newly put into a *Cage*, and though the whole Company which conſiſted not of a few Perſons drank to Him all in their Turns, He would pledge none of 'em.

Lime. That was a Stratagem of his, you know the Old ſaying of *touch Pot, touch Penny*, and He was reſolv'd to get off *ſhot Free.*

Vitr. But he was damnably miſtaken, and might as well have taken his Glaſs in his turn, for he found his Reconing and Charges next Morning to amount to no leſs than thirty three Shillings by the Poet's Aſſiſtance, who for fear his Honour's Confinement ſhould break his Poor Ladies Heart was ſo kind as to take City Bail for Him, and diſmiſs Him to *Squint* out in ſearch

ſearch of freſh Recruits to recover his Expences by.

Lime. He did not want for being teaz'd all this while did He?

Vitr. Not a Moment's Time was Spar'd for that Purpoſe, his Adverſary was ſuch a Perſecutor that way, as not only to be vexatious to Him before He went to Bed, but would needs lie with him Himſelf to keep him awake all Night when He was in it. This did not put an End to his Torments neither, for he had no ſooner told this Story at the Punch Houſe before his Face, and ask'd him the Reaſon why He put Him to a Crown Charge in *backing* the *Warrant* by the *Maſter of the Roll's* Hand, when at the Name of *John F——n* he ſprung from the Table with his Comrade, who was the only Perſon fit to keep him Company, and bid Adieu to that Houſe ever ſince, leſt He ſhould be *ſnapp'd* again for the ſame Cauſe of Action.

Lime. There's a Brace of Fools ſent packing, enter ſome merry Fellow or other to fill up the Vacancy, or this Farce of yours will have but a very melancholly, dull, phlegmatick *Cataſtrophe.*

Vitr. What think you of a *Welchman*, as full of Mercury, as a Scotch Pedlar's private *Caſe* in his *Pack* is of *Butter* and *Brimſtome*?

Lime. Shinking *was of noble Race, the Loins of* Owen Tudor—— Produce him this Inſtant if you would eaſe me of the *Trouble* I am in for your laſt long *Tale of a Tub*, that is juſt next to nothing.

Vitr. Obſerve him well then, He's a Man whoſe Anceſtors were in being Long before

Adam, and pretends to make appear that Mankind's firſt *Parent* and His was not the ſame.

Lime. Some Baſtard *Chineſe* or other, that has ſuck'd in the Doctrine of *Confutius* with his Mother's Milk?

Vitr. That's more than he can tell, for notwithſtanding all his Pretences to *Gentility*, He knows no more of his *Original* than he does of the Perſon who wrote the MEMORIAL.

Lime. Now, I apprehend whom you mean. The Fellow that always makes a Noiſe of his being a Man of *Integrity*.

Vitr. The very ſame, but ſome Body took the Liberty to tell him he had forfeited it, after He had ſate down and curs'd Sr. *John*, and Sr. *Humphry*, exclaim'd againſt ſuch *Lords* and ſuch *Dukes*, becauſe they would not take other Men's Writings upon themſelves, and fallen foul upon the Reputation of ſeveral Gentlemen of the H—— of C—— for neither *fathering* nor contributing any thing towards the Support of ſome unknown Perſon's *foundling Child*.

Lime. With what Face could one of ſuch mean Circumſtances as he dare preſume to reproach Gentlemen of ſuch an Auguſt Aſſembly and venerable Names.

Vitr. With a *Face* that aſſum'd ſomething to it ſelf of an *Air of Authority*. He neither boggl'd at Names, nor ſtuck at Characters. But was full of his own Deſerts, his Eminent Sufferings, and Abundance of *Riff-Raff*, as that *The World would ſee in a little Time that he was no ſuch inſignificant Perſon as they would make Him, that he doubted not but to cut ſuch a Figure ſhortly as ſhould make his very Enemies reſpect Him, and that he had an Eye upon ſuch a* Plaſh, *and ſuch*

a

a Plaſh, *either of which would make a* 500*l.* per An. *Man of Him.*

Lime. The Man was undoubtedly *Mad*, how a God's Name could he propoſe ſuch Advantages to himſelf.

Vitr. He was *drunk* which was full as well, and went on with his Rhodomantades, till his *High Mightineſs* was check'd for them heartily, and reminded that He could have little Thoughts of ſuch great *Plaſhes* when he was ſober, ſince he was known to deſcend into ſuch *low* Practices as turning *Pirate*, and making Invaſions upon other Mens *Properties.*

Lime. Davy turn'd *Pyrate!* That's News indeed. What *Davy* that had ſuch an irreconciſeable Hatred to *Little-Britain* and *White-Fryars*? *Davy* that was always making his Complaints that his choiceſt Copies were counterfeited, and crying *ſtop Thief* after *Read's* and *Bradford's* Hawkers? The ſame Numerical *Davy* that was for exhibiting Bills in Chancery againſt the whole Brotherhood and Siſterhood of running Stationers for vending ſuperſtitious Copies.

Vitr. The ſame to a Hairs Breadth, But as the Poet has it, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* He had no more the ſame Principles which he took Pride in formerly, then he made uſe of the ſame Practices. However that he might ſhew himſelf a true *Britain*, in one Senſe, that had been ſuſpected for a falſe one in another; he perſiſted in his own Defence, pleaded not guilty to every thing he was charg'd with, brandiſh'd his *Cane* at a Mighty Rate, till the *Poet*, whom I was juſt now talking to you about, and who was a great Acquaintance of his before

fore his late *Defection*, gave him good Words that won upon Him to go Home with Him, and ſo the Company got rid of a very troubleſome Gueſt.

Lime. I hope he did not carry him to *Jack F——n*'s, for that's the Poet's Abode I underſtand for the preſent.

Vitr. You miſtake me. I mean to his own Houſe. The 'tother would have been acting the *Man in Boots* overagain.

Lime. What Man in *Boots*?

Vitr. You are ſo curſed inquiſitive you muſt know every thing, and are leading me your ſelf from my Scene in the *Punch-Houſe*, when you were blaming me for ſhifting it not long ſince. However to gratify your *Curioſity*. You are to know that every Man is ſubject to Misfortunes, amongſt the reſt, He had his Share, and had got an *Aſthma* or *Ptiſick* which he took at Sight of ſome *Serjeants or Yeomen* that were hovering about his Door—— Hereupon after theſe Shoulder Dabbers had run out their whole Stock of Stratagems, as asking in other Peoples Names, ſending ſham Notes, *&c.* They fell to diſguiſing Perſons, and one of them, like a Rogue as he was, ſlipp'd on a Pair of *Boots*, with Country Dirt upon them, and being accoutred in *Rags*, like a true *Welch Farmer*, came with a Patch on his Face which covered one Cheek, and enquir'd for *Hur Countryman Mr.* Shon up Davy ſuch a one, which made a *Nephew* of his take to his Heels, and run up Stairs out of Breath to acquaint his Uncle, that one of Hur own Kindred from *Denbeighſhire* was come from *Wales* to pay *Hur* a Viſit if *Hur* would pleaſe to ſee *Hur.* This Viſit of his ended in the

the Officers doing his Duty, who pull'd off his Patch, and went away with his Priſoner to do the ſame by his Boots, which is the Sum and Subſtance of what gives Birth to your Enquiry.

Lime. I ſee *Welchmen* can be out witted ſometimes, though we have a parcel of them that ſet up for wonderful Politicians at the Court End of the Town, and think themſelves a Match for the whole Creation. But your *Journal* is not done yet, wherefore I muſt ask you to make what haſt you can with the reſt of it, that I may go home to ſleep, and you about the Buſineſs you were intent upon before we met.

Vitr. To make you think your Time not ill ſpent, I have provided my ſelf with a *Cook* for your Entertainment.

Lime. A *Cook* quoth He? Some of his *Roaſt* and *Boild* would do much better for a hungry Stomach, but however *Diſh* Him up to us.

Vitr. It's aggree'd on all Hands that things far fetch'd reliſh beſt, and the greater the *Diſtance* the more deſireable and grateful the *Dainty*. Now this Man as He takes more pains for two half Pints than any one in the Room, ſo he pays more Money for them than the reſt of his Companions.

Lime. That's likely indeed; as if a Pint ſtood any Cuſtomer in more than ſix Pence?

Vitr. If I don't prove my Aſſertion, then take the Liberty of Condemning me, in the mean while I *move for Arreſt of Judgment*. If he croſſes the Water from St. *George's Pariſh* to *St. Clement's Danes*, on purpoſe to drink two half

half Pints of Punch, and return home again by *Water* without effecting any other Buſineſs, then He's at a *Groat* Expence more for a Pint of Punch, than thoſe that are nearer to the Punch Houſe. But he croſſes the Water from St. *George's Pariſh* to St. *Clements Danes*, on purpoſe to drink two half Pints of Punch, *&c.* and returns home again without effecting any other Buſineſs, *Ergo &c.*

Lime. Ergo me none of your *Ergo's*. I had much rather have one of your *Cooks Chops of Mutton*, than half a Hundred *Chops of Logick*. Ten Pence a Pint is a Curſed Price let me tell you, but I am to ſtand inform'd of his *Behaviour* rather than what He depoſits for his drink.

Vitr. He's as impertinent as an Old-Woman that's a running into a long detail of her Youthful Actions, and the Multitude of Courtiers that made their Addreſſes to Her between the Years of ſixteen and twenty, as vain as a Taylor who has juſt turn'd *Solicitor*, and jump'd off from patching old Breeches, and ſowing together Sciſmatical Fractures in decay'd Garments, to ſpliting of Cauſes and making Diviſions amongſt his whole Neighbourhood, and as ignorant as old *Humphry* the Bencher of the *Temple* who would have had a *Sun Dial* Erected on the North ſide of that Edifice. Yet was he as talkative as the beſt, and entring into a Diſcourſe concerning the Riſe of Languages and Nations, when at the ſame Time if he was to have been ask'd the reaſon why the Flyer of his *Jack* went round, he muſt have been puzled for want of a proper Anſwer.

Lime.

Lime. And yet perhaps this Fellow has more Money in his Pocket than either you or I?

Vitr. You may ſwear it, for he has other ways of getting it. A Lamb or a Sheep of God Almighty's killing is much cheaper than one of the *Butcher's*, and he that makes no waſte Meat but puts it off, after three or four times Boiling and Roaſting muſt needs be a gainer at laſt. The Common ſides of the *Queen's Bench* and *Marſhalſea* take all his Provinder off his Hands at Exorbitant Prices, and not a Shilling comes from Him, but what has firſt been a Priſoner with ſome Debtor or Malefactor.

Lime. A very Pathetical Deſcription, the Man ſhould have a ſort of a *Greek Name*, or I have loſt my Remembrance.

Vitr. He has ſo, when at the ſame time he ſcarce underſtands Engliſh. Put the Queſtion to him what's *Orthography?* and He'll cry *three Pennyworth of boil'd Beef and Carrots*; and interrogate Him concerning the nature of Hiſtorical Traditions, and the next Words you have from Him are *a Groat's worth of Roaſt Lamb*. *Greek* and *Latin* is as familiar to Him all this while as his Maids *Tuquoque*, and he's as Converſant in all the *Aſiatick Tongues* as he is in looking out *Nurſes* for *By-Blows*, I might have ſaid in *Cookery*, if *roaſting* Meat till its rotten, and Boiling it to Rags may fall under that Appellation. Though a Damn'd Unlucky Accident ſpoil'd his being a *Cook*, as *Nature* had ſpoil'd his being a Scholar, for *Michael Rattle* an *Eminent Profeſſor in the Art and Myſtery of Sauces* happen'd to come in, in order to diſcharge a looſe Blunder or two, while he was

Engroſſing the whole talk to Himſelf and let fly a Volly of Nonſenſical Words, which *Pop, Pop, Pop'd* after one another like a Volly of ſhot in the Artillery Ground, and gave the Company hopes that he would be too hard, for the Brother of the *Chopping Knife* and *white Apron* to ſtand againſt. But he was impenetrable at firſt, and no where, like the great *Achilles*, to be wounded but in *one Part*, which his Adverſary found out, and ply'd him ſo very warmly with his Great Ordnance which were Terms of Art, as *Grilliading*, *Carbonading*, *Pitchcocking*, *Larding*, *Ragouing*, *Colloping*, that the Poor *Retailer of Rumps and Kidneys* was forc'd to give all over for loſt, and march out of the Room without the uſual Marks of Honour which the Brave are diſtinguiſh'd by.

Lime. O Brave *Michael*! *Victoria, Victoria!* The Day was his own, and its but natural to conclude he was not a little proud of this Advantage.

Vitr. Nothing could be more *Cock a Hoop.* But as the Improvement of a Conqueſt is of far greater Conſequence than the gaining a Battel, ſo He that makes no more of a General Officer's Conduct, than he does of one of his *Kitchen Retainers*, and takes as much Liberty with the Dukes of *Vendoſm* and *Marlborough*, as he does with the *Stone-Cutter* in *Hemlock Court*, had the Indiſcretion to keep the Field of Battel, till he betray'd himſelf, and made appear that Fortune had more befriended Him than any good *Cunning.* Yet, notwithſtanding he was going the ready Way to be undone in the good Opinion of thoſe that kept him Company, and was talking himſelf out of the Reputation He had blundered into,

to,

to, He might have went off with ſome Cauſe of Triumph, had not a Roguiſh ſort of a Barber come in and hunted him away from thoſe he convers'd with, *with a Pray remember the great Loſs by Fire*, and told Him that he bought the Horſe he kept at *Livery*, out of the Monies ariſing from a Brief, for having Two or Three of his Panes in his Glaſs Windows broken.

Lime. Out upon your Barber, may he never cut Sr; *F——s* his Beard more, for putting honeſt *Michael Ragouſt* to a Nonplus. For tho' he takes a more than ordinary Liberty with his Tongue ſometimes, there's not a better Houſe of Entertainment than his in the whole Pariſh.

Vitr. What are we to do with his Houſe? You are for having me make haſt with my *Diurnal*, and yet interupting me in order to prolong it. After he had made his Exit, enter a Brace of two ſuch Perſons as no Houſe in Town can match for its Retainers. One was a Gentleman who had aſſum'd to himſelf the Name of CAPTAIN ever ſince *Monmouth*'s Rebellion, and 'tother, one that preferr'd the Character of *Prophane* and *Irreligious* before all *Honorary Titles* whatſoever. The Captain for his Part was drunk and upon the Rattle with his bawdy Songs, and his Nonſenſe in Defence of a Duke that had no more Right and Title to give Him a Commiſſion, than he had to the Crown; and *Father Immorality* that kept touch with Him to the minuteſt Article, ſtood up *Tooth and Nail* for that horrid Uſurper *Oliver Cromwell*, againſt all Manner of Opponents.

Lime. Then there were ſome that took him to Task for ſo doing, even at a Time where there are ſo many Advocates for *Rebellion* and *Uſurpation.*

Vitr. No doubt of it, Heavens forbid all ſhould be of that Presbyterian Stamp, tho' they pretend to boaſt a great Majority. They did not want Returns to what either of them ſaid, and the *Captain*, what with the Liquor he had drunk, and the Noiſe he made over his Cups, and what with the Vexation he was under for having nothing to ſay for himſelf that was to the Purpoſe, was ſo intoxicated that he fell aſleep, and was carried off for a dead Man——

Lime. The Battle was of the Church ſide for certain, after the Enemies General Officer was kill'd upon the Spot.

Vitr. He that ſurviv'd was a tough Blade, and laid about him furiouſly, till he was found in a *Dilemma*, in endeavouring to prove the Family of the *Cromwell*'s was as ancient as that of the *Stuarts*, and was forc'd to yield his Argument for loſt, and ſurrender at Diſcretion.

Lime. How! Say this at a Time when one of that Ancient and Royal Houſe ſits upon the Throne of Her Anceſtors, this is what *Derby* never provok'd any one to do! Had he no Body of *Reſerve* to charge at laſt with and bring him off?

Vitr. Some forlorn *Jews* with a Body of *Atheiſts* and *Deiſts* whom he made a Stand with for ſome time, after having averr'd that their *Infidelity* was much more Rational than *Chriſtianity*, and taken upon Himſelf to prove that St. *Athanaſius* was in the wrong, that a future State was a mere Chimæra, and that nothing ſhould be acknowledg'd

knowledg'd as an Article of *Faith*, that was beyond *Demonſtration*, and not agreeable to right Reaſon. That the greateſt Men of the Church held *Socinian* Tenents, as Biſhop *W*——*s*, Arch-Biſhop *Til*——*n*, and Dr. *W*——*t*, which was an Argument that thoſe *Heretical* Doctrines were moſt conſonant to Truth, ſince Gentlemen of ſuch penetrating Enquiries ſtood up in Defence of them.

Lime. Is it poſſible Chriſtianity ſhould be out of Danger when ſuch avow'd Enemies are tolerated in ſuch Principles? Some Meſſenger from above or of the Society of the Heav'n drivers moſt aſſuredly inform'd againſt Him.

Vitr. Moſt aſſuredly they did not—— For he was wiſe enough not to talk againſt any great Man in publick Office, kept Himſelf from medling with political Tranſactions any farther than what was agreeable to thoſe in Authority, and ſo he was at Liberty to make bold with the Deity whom all Mankind owed their Being to, and aſſert Heterodoxy in a Chriſtian Country, where there are ſo many pretended Societies for Reformation of Manners, and ſo many private Academies tolerated for the Uſe of the Saints, that aſſume the Name of the Faithful.

Lime. What if this ſhould be ſome Romiſh *Prieſt* in Diſguiſe? For if you remember that Sect firſt broach'd all the Opinions that have crep'd in of late, in Order to divide the Proteſtant Intereſt.

Vitr. That I can ſay nothing to—— Though there might be Grounds for this Surmize from ſome of thoſe He converſes with. What I have to do is to relate what is tranſacted here. From whence, after he had made his Brags that he had

had told a Certain Poet who had been bred up in the Jewiſh Religion, that the *Judgment of Poverty* had fall'n upon Him for his turning *Chriſtian*, and had given the whole Company a juſt Abhorrence of his Impious Diſcourſe, he pack'd up his Bundle of *Bawdy Books* and *Pictures* under his Arm, and bent himſelf forwards towards the Small Coal Man's Houſe, in order to draw Him in for a *Choice Bargain*; or *Bartholomew's Coffee-houſe* to talk to the old Fellow's Daughter and heighten her Deſires with Laſcivious Words, when He could not adminiſter relief by his *Actions*, and was paſt laying thoſe Diſorders with another Member, which he was capable to raiſe with his Tongue.

Lime. By this time I preſume the Sixteen Hours you propos'd for your *Comedy* (which will prove a *Tragedy* in the Concluſion without you tag it with ſomething more diverting than the Character you brought in laſt) were well nigh Spent.

Vitr. It grew towards Eleven at Night now, when as the Doors were going to be ſhut, who ſhould bolt in but a very great Stranger becauſe he had got into the Maſter of the Houſe his Debt, *Opthalmicus, Chymicus* —— *Comicus Funambulus, Chimæricus, Chyrurgicus, Medicus, Nullius Gradus Graduatus, ſed omnibus Numeris Homicida Abſolutus*, Doctor——

Lime. Oh,——No matter for Names, the Spark that pays fourty Shillings in the Pound, not a Mile from *Greys-Inn*, that's *toto notus in Orbe* for riding with *Faggot-ſticks* in his Holſters inſtead of *Piſtols*.

Vtr.

Vitr. I have heard indeed of his taking Horſe to ride to a Patient three or four Doors off, on Purpoſe to ſhow himſelf, but never of the Furniture that belong'd to it, and have ſeen Him mounted at moſt Ale-houſe Doors in and about the Town, and calling for a *Mug of the beſt Beer and Beer*, but was a Stranger till this Time to this Piece of Knight Errentry.

Lime. Than you know leſs of him I perceive than I do, and never heard of his *Virtuous* Spouſe's being Angry with Him for letting a Gentleman take the Wall of him who was preferable to Him on all Accounts, either for Birth Education, or any other Acquirements.

Vitr. I have nothing to do with his Wife, though I know who has —— But to make you ſenſible I can diſcover the Gentleman whom you mean, be inform'd, its the very Man that has written his Advertiſements and Bills for Him, and who was employ'd by him to write againſt Sir *Wm. R*——

Lime. True. He that found three Scotch Peers for him, whom He cur'd at the Fag End of one of the News Papers, when neither the Doctor or his pretended Patients knew any thing of the Matter, and who furniſh'd Him with the Name of a *Portugueze* Count whom he boaſted of having brought to Sight in the *Poſtman*, when there was never any ſuch Perſon as his Lordſhip in Being, before he put Him down in Black and White.

Vitr. Such things are as common with Him as Ale-houſe Scores. I know a Friend of mine has Letters from ſeveral of his Patients whom he has impos'd upon after this Manner, and whoſe

whoſe Names he has had the forehead to put in Print, that threaten Him with putting Him in the *Gazette* for Impoſing on the Publick. Such as *Seignior Verrio* under his own Hand, the Miniſter at *Rotherhith*, and a CertainPhyſician in *Kent*, with ſeveral others Names and Teſtimonies that can be produc'd when occaſion ſhall require it. In the mean Time down he ſeated Himſelf, and call'd to Mrs. *Original Sin* at the Bar for a Pint of Punch, after having taken her by the Hand, and cry'd according to Ancient Cuſtom, *hark you Miſtreſs, let me tell you your Fortuue, you'll loſe your Maidenhead very quickly*, &c. over which Pint He fell aſleep, and ſo good Night to *Gnats, Flies, Sparks, Motes, Cobwebs and other falſe Appearances before the Eyes, the growing Symptomes of Approaching Blindneſs*, had not *Rattle* the mad *Upholſterer* Waken'd Him with, *you Doctor; I am a* Doctor *as well as you, and made Verſes before you. What think you of* Hexameters *and* Pentameters, *of Spirits that are call'd* Lucifugi, *of the Riſe and Growth of* Crablice, *of a Remedy for* Bugs *and an infallible* Specifick for patching up old Broken *Beds Teſters?*

Lime. What a Medley of disjointed Topicks was here? The Doctor was aghaſt undoubtedly, and as much puzled for a Reply to theſe Queſtions, as if he was ask'd what College in *Cambridge* he took his Degrees at, and who was *Preſident* when he was made Fellow of the College of Phyſitians.

Vitr. He hum'd, and ha'd a good while, then Cry'd, Hark you Maſter, and told Him that *Hexameters* and *Pentameters* according to *Senertus* and *Riverius* his Opinion were Occaſion'd by

an

an Obſtruction in the Optick, Nerves and would certainly turn to the Diſtemper call'd the *Amauroſis* or *Gutta Serena* without three Papers of his Snuff, which the Patient ſhould take every other Night before going to Bed, without blowing his Noſe till next Morning; and which would make an *Indication* whether or no it requir'd his Grand *Opthalmick Secret* which would be ten *Guineas*, beſides a *Guinea* more for his Advice.

Lime. Dear Lad, Stop a little, or I ſhall burſt with Exceſs of Laughter. This is like Him, for I have known him preſcribe Errhines for a *Sore Leg* and a *Sciatica*.

Vitr. As for your *Spiritus Lucifugi*, ſaid he, I have a *Charm* that will Pin them as faſt to their Infernal Abodes as if a Ten Penny Nail were to be driven through their Foreheads, which I cannot bate a farthing of two *Guinea's* for. In the mean Time pulling out a Preſcription which he had coppy'd from ſome Apothecaries File, He gave it him after he had tranſcrib'd it which run thus. ℞. *Rad*: *Sarſaparel. Incis*: ʒ IV. *Chm.* ʒ II. *Paſſular*: *Major.* ʒ III. *Coq*: *in Aq*: *Font*: *q. S. ad Lib*: VI. *Colatura Utatur pro Potu Ordinario.* ℞. *Pulv*: *Racl*: *Jalap*: ϑ ſſ. *Merc*: *Dulc*: *gr*: XV. *Conſerv*: *Ros*: *Aamaſen q*: *S. Miſce, fiat Bolus ſumendus mane cum Regimine, et Repetendus Ter in Septimana ſi Vires ferant.*

Lime. A Doctor for the Devil indeed. Juſt ſuch a one as he in the Play, that gave the Lady a Doſe of Pills to find her ſtray'd Lap-Dog with.

Vitr. Then he proceeded to the Reſolution of the other Queſtions, and began with his *Heark you Maſter* again, The Governour of the *Spa-*

niſh Netherland's Lady put the Queſtion about the *Crablice* by a Letter under her own Hand, which was tack'd with a Bill of Fifty Pounds upon an eminent Merchant in *Billiter Court*, for my Advice, and what do you think my Anſwer was. That her Excellencies being peſter'd with that pernicious Vermin, took its Riſe from Her not ſhifting Herſelf oftner, and that it was my Advice ſhe ſhould, at leaſt twice a Week for the future, put on a clean Smock; that ſhe ſhould apply Powder of *Millepedes* and *Eyebright Water* to the Parts affected, and not fail of having a Handkercheif by Her, when his *Excellence* Her Husband was in Bed with Her.

Lime. How! The Governour of the *Spaniſh Neitherland's* Lady put on a Clean ſhift but twice a Week? An *Oyſter Wench* does as much. This, to make uſe of his own Term gives a mighty *Indication* of his Breeding, and the Quality of the People he converſes with. And for *Wood-lice* and *Eye-bright Water*, I have heard they were good for ſore Eyes, but never till now to give Eaſe to a Place that has neither *Eyes* nor *Teeth* in it. What ſaid *Rattle* all this while?

Vitr. Not a Syllable, which was a wonder, for He's as noted for Interruptions as for puting of Queſtions, but held up his Eyes as one that was aſtoniſh'd at the wonderful skill of this *infallible Doctor*, till he came to enter upon a Cure for Bugs and preſcrib'd Double *Aqua-fortis* to kill 'em all as dead as a *Door Nail*, and *Allum* mix'd with *Spirits of Wine* for a *Noſtrum* to cement *Broken Beds Teſters.*

Lime

Lime. Which ſet him a Raving, I warrant you, for there he He was touch'd with what concern'd his own Trade.

Vitr. And well it might; for never was ſuch a *Receipt* given before. Upon this the Man who was to be a *Bridge Maſter* when *London Bridge* could *chuſe* for it ſelf, fell into a Paſſion, and ſaid, *Bugs* were only *Crab-lice* of the Second Edition, and that he Underſtood them as perfectly as he did *Books*, of which he had forgot more than *Æſculapius* Himſelf ever learn'd.

Lime. That might well be, for *Æſculapius* was in Vogue, before *Books* came in Faſhion.

Vitr. Quoth He, I have knock'd up many a Bed which others have knock'd *down*, and ſure I have as much Reaſon to give a Right Definition of *Vermin*, as any *Vermin* whatſoever that make Pretence to a Right in the Man-killing Ædifice in *Warwick-lane*. I tell you there's nothing ſo *a droit*, and *a propos*, as drowning them in Cold Water. For they being of a *Hot* Nature *Frigidity* Stops the Circulation of their Blood, and makes it *Stagnate* which without *Phlebotomy* is immediate *Death*.

Lime. Suppoſe the Chirurgeon near *Grange Court* had been ſent for to let 'em Blood, it had certainly baulk'd the whole Project.

Vitr. He's as fit to bleed *Bugs*, as any Man Breathing. But to return again to my Text. Up Started a merry Sort of a Creature, and averr'd that *Bugs* were the Swifteſt *Reptiles* in Being, and urg'd the Difficulty of making their Blood *Stagnate*, with this Aſſertion, that He ſaw two of them Start at the *Padder Courſe* at *Hampton Court*, with two of a Certain Lord's

Greyhounds that had won ſeveral Matches, and atteſted that the *Bugs diſtanc'd* them *out and out.*

Lime. Without all manner of Diſpute they had been in *Body-Cloths*, and well *fed.* But the Queſtion is whether they Started fair.

Vitr. That was agree'd on all Hands. However this ſet the two Antagoniſts together by the Ears, and one ſtood up for the *Poſſibility* of the thing, and t'other for the *Impoſſibility*, ſo long that a Certain Perſon had an *Itching* in Her Tail, and call'd for the *Keys* that She might try the *Circulation of the Blood*, and ſo, no more Punch, no more *Diſcourſe*, and every Man Blunder'd as well Home as He could, which makes your Humble Servant write FINIS at the End of his Diurnal.

Lime. This it is to be *Purſe Proud*, and for *Retailers*, to write themſelves *Merchants*. *J——n* had dealt with the *Glazier* next Day, had any ſuch Thing happen'd at his Houſe —— But I promis'd you a Specimen of my Poetry, as you have given me a Taſt of yours, and ſo Adieu to you, after my Endeavours to do Juſtice to the Liquor that has given Birth to ſo Diverting an Entertainment.

As when ſome Med'cines of Eſtabliſh'd Skill,
Shoot forth to cure the Patients others kill,
And with Arcanas of uncommon Fame
Demand our Wonder and our Praiſes claim;
Emp'ricks and Quacks their Counterfeits Diſplay,
And Anderſon's *Scotch Pills are made by* Grey;
So 'tis with Punch, *a Liquor well prepar'd*
Worthy Mankind's Eſteem and juſt Regard,

Grate-

Grateful in Taſt, and certain to advance
Health unimpair'd if made of wholeſome Nantz.
Each Vile Pretender arrogates its Uſe,
And ſets up to Retail the Noble Juice.
As naſty Spirits for French Brandy paſs
And Circulate their Poiſon in the Glaſs;
As Gliſter Sugar does with Vitriol Join
To make what's our Deſtruction *Clear and Fine.*
Yet do the Dire Ingrediens tempt the Town,
That Swallow their Deſtruction glibly down,
Charm'd with the Venome which their Intrails waſte,
And prodigal of Life to pleaſe their Taſte.
Not Ætna *burns with more Sulphureous Heat,*
Than what within their Bowels takes its Seat,
When Complicated Deaths triumphant ride
Within their Veins and fret the Sanguine Tide,
Ferment the Blood, till Hurried Senſe departs,
Precipitate, and Motion *quits their Hearts.*
O Void of Wit, and Argument, to think
That Wholeſome, He that brews it, will not drink,
Or Entertain a Gueſt within their Guts
Will Eat their Bowels as it Eats his Pots.
Not that the Man himſelf's ſo much in Fault,
They'r cheifly to be blam'd by whom 'tis bought;
Who credulouſly fond of being kill'd
Swill what from Jakes *and* Dunghills *is diſtill'd.*
Ceaſe working FATE *to haſten Mankind's Doom,*
Nor let the Siſters *longer Vex the Loom,*
The Deſtinies may now indulge their Reſt,
Their Tasks are finiſh'd in this General PEST.
Poiſon, Sword, Fire, and Famine may be Spar'd
And Halters now be deem'd of no Regard,
All Inſtruments of Death this PUNCH *Supplies*
Let Man *but drink and He moſt* Surely dies.

Vitr.

Vitr. Every Man to his own Mind, Punch for my Money in Spite of all your Invectives. You may Rhime on if you think Convenient, the Perſon that makes it is above being put out of Countenance, and too Rich to take Notice of what a Man of your Appearance ſays of Him: Neither are you to Expect but that the Majority of the Town will condemn you for being Malicious, ſince He that ſerves a hundred and ſeventy PUBLICK HOUSES, with what you give ſuch a Spightful Character of, has Intereſt Enough to out-vote all the *Derby-Ale Houſes* it Town, but Time wears upon my Hands, and ſo *fare you well to our Next merry Meeting.*

[*Exeunt.*

A SCENE BETWEEN

SAWNY CONTRABAND *an* Edinburgh *Merchant, and* TIMOTHY DASH *a* London *Vintner.*

Daſh. WHither ſo faſt *Monſieur Contraband*? There's no ſpeaking with you Gentlemen of Northern Extraction, ſince the firſt Payment of the EQUIVALENT.

Contr. Dee'l ſplit my Wemb, but I'ſe am ganging as faſt as *ſhone* will carry me to the *Royal Burſe*, and from thence to the River *Thames* with muckle Expedition, to make Sale of the *Bourdeaux*, *Champaign Wines*, and *Nants Brandy*, I'ſe have lately Imported from the Antient Kingdom, according to the *Incorporation Act*.

Daſh. I hope you deſign to pay the Queen's Cuſtoms firſt——For its uſual with us to clear our ſelves of the Duties before we Expoſe our Goods to Sale.

Contr. Catch *Sawny* at that, Duties quoth He? Your true Bred *North Britain* knows his Duty to himſelf much better: *Blaw his Bladder full*

of

of great Steanes but his Buſineſs is to be Rich.

Daſh. A Man maybe Rich without fraudulent Practices. What think you of me——I am within an Ace of an Alderman's Eſtate, yet never play'd any Trick with the Government in my Life, ſo you may draw Conſequences from thence that *Honeſty is the beſt Policy*, and that the Way to be wealthy is to Square a Man's Actions by the Rules of Juſtice.

Contr. Honeſty is no Policy. Ken you what *Subtility* is? Your Subtle Loon never let's his Intereſt get out of his Eye Sight. Remember a certain *Laird of a Clan*'s Inſtructions to his *Bearn* that was ganging to Sea. *By my Saul Mon: you'r to get the Poons* Honeſtly *if you can, but be ſure you* get the Poons. Beſides there are other Methods of *Craft* to get Rich by, than Cheating the Government. When I came over *Berwick Brigg* firſt to look out for a Livelyhood with my Pack upon the Backſide of my Body, I was wont to put off damag'd *Scotch Cloth* to my Chapmen for Superfine Hollands, which brought me to the Figure you now ſee me make. I'ſe dare Wager my Life's Bleed but your ſhort Pints that you mete your Wines by, have given you as handſome a Lift from the *Blew Apron* to the *Bar*, as my way of Traffick from the *Style* and *Quarter Staff*, to the *Scotch Walk* in the *Royal Burſe*.

Daſh. Why truly to deal ingenuoſly with you, I have been a little tardy that way, but theſe are Inconſiderable matters and a Glaſs of Wine out of a Pint is of ſo little Conſequence, that the Committee which was held laſt week at *Vintners Hall*, Entred it as a Standing Rule in the

the Companies Books, that it was highly detrimental to that Society to draw full *Measure* according to the Wine Standard, and that one Part in four might Reasonably fall Short to make amends for *Lees* &c.

Contr. Slife Mon, the Merchant does that to the Vintners Hands, and makes Superabundant Compensation for *Settlings*. If he did not, you know the way how to turn Distiller and Extract Right *French Brandy*, as good as any in *Major Bird*'s Warehouse from the Bottoms of *Port* Wines.

Dash. Some false Brother has made a Discovery, or how should he know the Mystery of our Trade. (*Aside*) Supposing all this to be true, Sir, as it is impossible it should, for French Brandies can never be drawn from Port Wines, are not we in the Right of it? For who would not give the Commodity He Sells the most Saleable Name? But take this along with you, our Goods pay the Queen's Duties.

Contr. You may thank the Merchants for that, but neither you nor the Merchants are Sufferers by the Imposts, those that drink it make triple Amends. A Word in your Ear, I have no more Hair in the Palm of my Hand than you have, and consequently have as little claim to what you call *Honesty*. Come, come, I ken the way of the World pretty well, Every one in his own Method you in yours, and I in mine. I cheat the Queen, you put upon your Customers, and they play fast and loose with such as deal with them, and so Knavery turns Circular and Shifts it self from one Hand to t'other to the end of the Chapter.

Daſh. A very laudable Confeſſion: Since you are ſo free with your Acknowledgments, I ſhall not be behind Hand with you, in mine. There's no Act of Parliament againſt dealing with *Herefordſhire*, *Glouceſter*, or *Worceſterſhire*, though there is againſt trading with *France*, and I have furniſh'd my ſelf with ſuch a Stock of Liquors, from thoſe Countries as I hope will do my Buſineſs, by the Aſſiſtance of ſome *Ports*, ſo far as to enable me to pay my Fine for *Sheriff* out of the Profits ſhall ariſe from that very Bargain, when ever my Friends in the City ſhall put me up for that Office.

Contr. Pay your Fine! What need of that? Swear your ſelf off, the Charge of an Oath is but very Small, I would take a hundred falſe ones for the fourth Part of the Money the Fine would coſt you.

Daſh. Swear it off! That I could have done as well as the Beſt, and with as quick Digeſtion as any Man breathing. But where had been the Policy of this? 'Tis true my Fine would have been ſaved, but I ſhould have loſt abundantly in the Concluſion. For you muſt conſider my Conſcience would have been call'd in Queſtion, and the Name of *Good Conſcience* is what our Party get Eſtates by. Beſides, Swearing it off would make me little in their Eſteem, and you know get but once into the Common opinion of being a Poor Man, and Hoop for Places of Honour and Profit which this City abounds with.

Contr. Edinburgh Town, and *London* the ſame to a *Cow's Thumb*. But what are theſe Liquors I trow, which you Traffick for from the *Shires* above mention'd?

Daſh.

Daſh. Cyder, which our Coopers mix with ſo much *French* and ſo much *Port*, to make up what they call neat SEBASTIAN.

Contr. What fruit is this *Cyder* drawn from, for I'ſe never heard of ſike a *Drink* in all our Burroughs and *Shires.*

Daſh. From Apples, which is almoſt as ſcarce with you as *Diamonds* and *Gold Mines*, notwithſtanding your Celebrated Mr. *Hodges* his Aſſertions in his Arguments againſt an *Incorporating* Union, where He endeavours to prove them as *thick as Hops.*

Contr. So they may for all that you know, would thoſe that look after them *delve* deep enough for them, but how do you mix this *Cyder* with your Wines without too violent a Fermentation, and diſturbing it ſo as to render the Liquors Thick, it mixes with.

Daſh. That's a Secret we are ſworn not to divulge, but what's an Oath between two of the ſame Kidney, as you and I are of? I ſhall make no Scruple to break through it, and ſatisfy you by letting you know that we make uſe of an Inſtrument call'd a *Springe Funnel*, through which we pour the Quantity of four Gallons of *Cyder* to one of neat *Lisbon*, *Port a Port*, or *Galicia.* Now this *Springe Funnel* is compos'd ſo as to have ſmall Holes at the Bottom which Stops any Pieces, or ſmall Bits of the Apple from paſſing along with the *Cyder*; and to prevent too violent a Fermentation, we give the Hogſhead or Pipe *Cloſe-Vent* which is done, by Piercing it firſt upon the *Bouge* near the *Bung*, over which we put a Piece of *Brown Paper* which we rub over with *Sand* and

Salt, which *Close-Vent* makes it work easily.

Contr. You'r a Master of your Trade, and were you one of our *Kirk*, would be made a Lay Elder for your Dexterity.

Dash. That I have been in her *Sister Church* long since. But to seperate things *Sacred*, from things *Prophane*. After it has work'd Easily, what do we but apply another *Funnel*, which is call'd our *Elbow* to the Head of the Cask, and pour gently thro' it a Quantity of the same Liquor with the Compound Just prepar'd, after it has been drawn almost to the *Lee's* within two or three Gallons.

Contr. And this, no doubt, passes for a Flower a mere Nosegay, does it not?

Dash. Sometimes I call it Right *Calcavella* which I Sell for two *Shillings a Bottle*, and sometimes where I find my Customers Palate deprav'd, there I usher it in with a *Name of Quality*, and give it upon my Word and Veracity that it's true *Morgeaux* at three Shillings, and as it came from the *Key* without the least Adulteration. To others that have somewhat of a Tast and carry their Distinction about them, I make use of more Ingenuity and tell 'em only that its *true Port, and as good an Eighteen Penny Draught as ever was tip'd over Tongue.*

Contr. Most Exquisitly well manag'd —— Did the rest of the Fraternity make use of the same Methods, it is not to be Question'd but they would raise themselves to the same Estate. But it's apparent you are one of a Hundred, or there would not be so many *Statutes of Bankrupt* taken out against *the Brothers*

thers of the Foſſet in every Gazette. The Putting of which into the *State Paper* between you and Me, ſeems to make too plain a Diſcovery of the Nations Poverty to our Enemies, while we are boaſting of our Wealth, and crying down their Credit in every News Paper.

Daſh. My Sentiments to a Tittle. For if you Obſerve the News Paper from *Paris*, there's nothing of that Nature inſerted in it. If a Merchant happens to break at *Lyons*, or *Marſeilles*, what a Noiſe do we make of it? *Such a One is gone off for ſo much Money*, and *Such a one for ſo much*, when the Names of thoſe that have eſcap'd among us are already ſwell'd into a *Volume*, and ſtill likely to encreaſe. But to return to the Buſineſs in Hand without farther Digreſſions, the Reaſon why theſe break is, becauſe they ſet up without any Bottom, and get into their *Coopers*, and *Merchants* Debt, or elſe take up Money at Intereſt to go to Market with, as the Man at the MITRE did, which is of more Expence to them than the Profits which ariſe by the Sale of the Wines ſo bought. Thus the poor Men are in *Debt* themſelves before they are capable of giving *Credit* to *others*. Theſe Circumſtances are taken Advantage of, ſo as to get them into Judgments, and *Warrants of Attorney*, which are put in Execution as ſoon as Opportunity ſerves and their Houſes are well Stock'd; when in comes the *Bailiff* and ſweeps all with two *Rogues* for his *Appraiſers*, who value the Goods at the fourth Part of what they are worth, and ſo one Creditor gets Poſſeſſion of what the *Vintner* was truſted for by ſix or ſeven.

Contr.

Contr. Such a Merchant as this for my Money! How I long to be dabling at your *Covenants*, call'd *Bonds* and *Judgments*. I'ſe Gang no more home, but ſend for my Wife and *Bearns* as ſoon as the Point is decided whether we muſt pay Duties or no, for our French Wines, and take a great Houſe here in Town, to ſee whether I cannot make as Good a Hand at this Method of *Covenants* as any Tall Black *Sam* of them all.

Daſh. I underſtand your Meaning, but *Senator Sam* is *above* the notice of the World now, though he was once like to have been made ſo contemptible, as to have been *beneath it*, while his *Brother* in Iniquity has had the Juſt Rewards of his Cruelty by having the ſame Seizure made upon his Goods and Chattles lately, which he was accuſtom'd to make upon thoſe of others. But I begin to be too Conſciencious in my Diſcourſe, conſidering the Practices I my ſelf am guilty of, and the Gentleman I am in Company with. Wherefore I muſt own the Generality of Dealers in whole-Sale now ſhew they approve of theſe Practices by their own, and its as Common with us here in the *South* Parts of Great *Britain* to take the *Covenant*, *that is Bond and Judgment*, as it was in the Middle of the laſt Century with our Dear Brethren of the *North*.

Contr. I greet you well upon this Reformation——And would be *cordialy* glad ſhould the *Traders* at both Ends of this Extended Nation have an *Union* of Hearts in ſo laudable and praiſeworthy an Undertaking, as perſuing the *End* of being Rich, be the *Means* of what Nature ſoever we are to accompliſh it by.

However

However, not to carry you off from the Diſcoveries you are making in your particular Concerns, give me leave to interrogate you a little farther in relation to the Colouring this *Mixture* you give the Name of Wine to, now it's the Juice of ſuch a Grape you ſay, now 'tis the Product of ſuch a Climate, and now of this, and now of that, according as the Tendency of your Cuſtomers Palate directs itſelf?

Daſh. I underſtand you. You would be acquainted with the Ingredients we make uſe of to make it a Florid, a Pale, or a Deep. To Compaſs the firſt and make it a Bright Red, we fling in ſo many Gallons of White, and afterwards fine it down by Iſinglaſs. The ſecond is brought about by the infuſion of ſuch a Quantity of *Milk*, fineing it down as before, and the third by the Juice of *Elderberries* or *Cochineal* according as Convenience will Permit.

Contr. I could heartily Buckle to this Livelyhood of yours. How my Fingers Itch to be a Brewing! Oh that my French Wines were well diſpos'd of for ready Money, that I might fall to work inſtantly.

Daſh. Catch a North Country Chapman letting his Goods go without ready Money, and his Empty Bag ſhall be a Choak Pear to him all the Days of his Life.

Contr. And who's the greateſt Fool? He that Cheats Himſelf or He that Cheats others? To truſt ready Goods which you are poſſes'd of, for Money which you may chance to be never in Poſſeſſion of, is a Doctrine that's held for Heretical in the Univerſities of *Aberdeen* and

and *Glaſcow*, and I ſhall never turn Diſſenter from my Countries *Eſtabliſh'd Faith*, which is to have no Faith not even with one another.

Daſh. This ſhould be an Argument of your coming to the Bottom of *Hodges* his Gold and Silver Mines, had I Faith enough to believe it. Though a Certain Dog in a Doublet in *Engliſh Poſt* for *Monday Auguſt the* 18th 1707, ſays *fifty Thouſand Pounds were to be carried the next day from hence in a Hearſe to* Scotland *under a ſtrong Guard*, which is as much as to ſay going to be buried there, Since Dead Corps are uſually convey'd in ſuch ſort of Vehicles, and might give ſome Grounds for Deductions that you ſtand in ſo little need of ready Money that you are turning Miſers, and hoarding it under Ground to ſecure it.

Contr. Scrubado tickle your Joints, for a falſe Loon as you are, 'twill ſcarce be in our Power to turn *Uſurers* even when the two other Payments, I'ſe wot you know, are ſtill behind, come down to us. Young Bearns muſt creep before they can go, and Hours may bring to paſs what Moments cannot be productive of. Time may be when we that are Maſters of of the ſame Opportunities may not be without the ſame Advantages. A Little of your Inſtruction is ſufficient to let us into that Knowledge, therefore I muſt beg the favour of you to quit a Diſcourſe that may bring you into Inconveniences, (ſince we are now all one Nation, and Perſonal Reflections will in no wiſe be tolerated by thoſe who ſit at the Helm) and enter farther into the Subject you had Undertaken by informing Me, how you Manage your *White Wines* (for you have hitherto talk'd only of Red) as to the Colouring of them,

them, and making them delectable both to the *Eye* and *Taſt*.

Daſh. The Method of Fineing them are the ſame, and *Whites* of Eggs and Iſinglaſs is what's generaly made uſe of, in Wines of both Colours; only there's this difference in their Management. As the Red is brought to a Deep Crimſon Colour by *Cochineal* or *Elder-Berries*, ſo the White arrives at an Amber by Powder of Alablaſter, Whites of Eggs, and and as much *Cochineal* as will lie upon a Six Pence, which will give a Noble Tinge to a whole Hogſhead.

Contr. A very ſatisfactory Account. But methinks ſince *Cochineal* is a very dear Commodity and ſo much of it is ſpent in giving a *Deep Tincture* to *Red*, and ſo *little* required to give the ſame to *White*, the latter ſhould be much cheaper than the firſt, which is an Argument againſt the preſent *Combination* among the Vintners, that have rais'd the common Draught to Twenty pence when the other goes of as uſual at Eighteen.

Daſh. Why truly you raiſe a very proper Objection, and its very common with us to heighten the Price of our Wines without any Reaſon for ſo doing. Though I that take care of my own Cellar, and am Perſonally attending when my Coopers, call'd Brewers, are at work, can make appear to you, that I get more by my *Red's* at Eighteen than by my *White's* at Twenty.

Contr. Eris mihi Magnus Apollo——You ſhall be a Riddle Reſolver for me, all the Days of my Life if you do.

Daſh. To get into that Place of Preferment, I prove it thus. The Red is of a Rougher

Nature upon the Palate than the White, and of Conſequence will bear a Mixture of more Cyder with it, which muſt render it much Cheaper ſince the Cyder by wholeſale ſtands us in leſs than two Pence a *Wincheſter Quart*, wherefore the White ought to be dearer than the Red.

Contr. I muſt allow what you ſay to be ſomewhat Rational. But was there any extraordinary Neceſſity for raiſing the White. Would not the Vintners get profit enough in ſelling them both at an Equal Rate, Since if we allow that a *Gallon and a half* of *Red* may be brew'd at the ſame Expence as a Gallon of *White*, which comes up pretty near to your own Calculation, you muſt alſo grant; that *White* is only for *Whets* and *Mornings Draughts*, when Gentlemen are intent upon the perſuit of Buſineſs, and cannot ſit in for it, as in Afternoons when Buſineſs is done, and a Glaſs ſeems altogether Neceſſary for Human Refreſhment.

Daſh. There I muſt acknowledge you come up with me, and give me a turn again. For I have nothing to alledge in our Behalf, but the Plea of *Combination.* That the Generality of us are enter'd into a ſtrict Confederacy, that we are obſtinately bent without any Grounds to ſtand up to ſuch a Price, and that we are engag'd under ſuch a Penalty not to recede from our Demands upon any Conſideration whatſoever.

Contr. Oh, 'tis a Brave thing to be an Incorrigible Offender. Give me a Man that Sins on beyond Conviction, and gripes and craves 'till he has got Riches enough to bribe *Old Charon*, and give Sops of Gold to pacify *Cerberus.* O that my French Wines were got rid of the

Se-

Security that is demanded for them, I would be ſoon for ſuch a Godly, ſuch a Sanctified *Combination* as this, that I would.

Daſh. Then you'll get the *Queen's Locks* off from your Pipes and Hogſheads firſt, which is one and the ſame thing with paying Her Majeſties Cuſtoms.

Contr. I hope to compaſs Matters without *Money*, if the Judges are but once of our Side.

Daſh. It's a very tender Point, and I don't hear they are very fond of Medling with it, ſince they have given Inſtances to the Contrary in the laſt Seſſions of Parliament. But let things go how they will, I hope you do not pretend to greater Immunities by the late Act than your Fellow Subjects of *England*, who ſit contented and make prompt Payments of all Impoſts they are charg'd with.

Contr. We are not ſuch Fools, as to conſtrue the Meaning of an Act to our own Diſadvantage ——Beſides you are ſenſible that the Articles of Union did not paſs *Nemine Contradicente*, but generally upon *Diviſions*, and we are not wanting to produce thoſe among the *geud Brethren* who if the Poſtures of Affairs is not ſituated to their own Minds, will interpret that for an Infringement of the *Union* that with you comes Strictly up to the Letter of it.

Daſh. I wiſh heartily the Deciſion of the Matter in queſtion may Terminate in your favour, becauſe you and I by Means of a Joint Stock may bring off French Wines from *Holland* in *North Britain Bottoms* without running into the Præmunire of Trading with *France*.

Contr. Agreed, your *Money* and my Name will do wonders. Not a SHEPHERD of 'em all ſhall have greater dealings in this Commodity than

we;

we; and then for *Statutes of Bankrupt*; *Whip*, a Vintner shall be set up by our Money, and torn to Pieces in an Instant without Bail or Main Prize. But I want a little more Instruction as to the Nature of your Business, since we are to be Partners, and its necessary to know the Management of other Wines besides *White* and *Red*. Pray inform me as to the Nature of your *Green Wines* such as *Rhenish*, and how to restore 'em to their Colour when they are Old and Decay'd.

Dash. That's the Easiest thing to be brought about in Ten Thousand. *Rhenish* is the Cheapest Wine that comes to the Key, yet it goes off at the Dearest Price from us, of all the Wines we are Masters of. Out of two Shillings a Quart we get Sixteen Pence, which is two Thirds, and the Ready way to give 'em their true Colour is to Shred a Parcel of Sorril and after fling it into the *Fat* or *Arm*, fine it down as before.

Contr. You have made me a perfect Master of the Noble Science of *Brewing*, and I want nothing to be a second Mr. *Dash*, and out do *Cringe*, upon *Ludgate Hill*, his near Neighbour *Humility*, at the *Crown*, and *Stiff* at the *Queens Arms*, but to follow the Directions you have laid down.

Dash. You are welcome to *Benefit* by them, and at Liberty when you please to demand farther information. In the mean Time an Hour or two is precious with me in the Morning, and I must go and *Whet* at the *Dog* to promote Trade amongst the *Booksellers*, for *White* at twenty Pence a Quart; since they love Morning Draughts, and are the best Customers, Morning, Noon, and Night, that my Friend *Michael* has.

Contr. I don't care if I go with you, Money may be got by getting into New Acquaintance, and my Business is to get Money, as well as yours. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.